

# CHRISTIAN HERALD



JANUARY, 1943 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

December 17/2  
I SPEAK FOR THE BLIND *By Karsten Ohnstad*

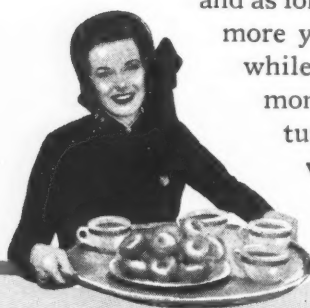
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# ACHIEVEMENT

THE RECORD OF '42 IS A FORECAST  
OF THINGS TO COME IN '43

## CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1942

held its place as leader in the field; it marched definitely in the van. Four times, articles from these pages appeared in *Readers Digest*—an enviable record for any magazine. Thousands of reprints of articles were circulated across the country; it was quoted by countless preachers, speakers and writers; it found its way to a million readers a month; thanks to generosity of its readers, it is being read now in 232 military camps in this country and abroad. Its influence on the thought-builders of America is incalculable. Yes, *Christian Herald* was right "up there" with the best of them, in 1942.

A T A subscription price of two dollars, our readers enjoyed nearly 700 articles covering every phase of faith and living—articles written by a battery of top-flight writers led by our own dynamic Dan Poling. And in the December issue, by way of climax, in spite of war, draft, hectic publishing conditions and chaotic transportation, you received what has just been called "The loveliest *Herald* ever published".

Now comes 1943, with the promise of a greater-than-ever *Christian Herald*. Most of the old friends and writers will be back, in '43. And, as a bonus, there will be these new features and writers:

**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS** will be back in *Christian Herald*. Dr. Chester Warren Quimby, Methodist pastor of Mifflinburg, Pa., and distinguished Bible commentator, will contribute a comprehensive comment on the 52 lessons of the International Uniform Lessons for 1943. He will have plenty of space. . .

**MOVIE REVIEWS**—There will be no regular monthly reviews, but Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, noted minister of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, will give his impressions of and reactions to the really inspirational movies of the year. There may not be more than three or four of them; they must meet the *Christian Herald* standard. Dr. Peale collaborated with Dr. Poling as adviser on "One Foot In Heaven," so he knows his movies.

**DAILY MEDITATIONS** will be written by Dr. Archer Wallace, popular author of "Leaves of Healing" and a twelve-foot shelf of other religious best-sellers. He starts in February. You'll love him. He is a most courteous, capable, companionable, *Christian Canadian*.

**CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING** articles and menus will have a new hand at the helm in Miss Esther Foley, who is also feature-

writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*. We say a reluctant farewell to Clementine Paddleford, who now devotes full time to writing for "This Week." She leaves her department in capable hands.

**NEW SERIAL: A STORY** that will rival the immortal "Polyanna" and "Anne of Green Gables" starts as a serial in this issue. It is "Nancy of Deerwander Farm," by Agnes Barden Dustin, and it will make every reader aged eight to eighty laugh—and weep.

And there will be month-by-month announcements, by Editor-in-Chief-Poling. It looks like a twelve-month happy new year for *Christian Herald*!

## Thank You . . .

To the friends of *Christian Herald* who have ordered Christmas Gift Subscriptions, we want to express our appreciation for your generous interest. You have helped us to reach a wider readership; and you have inspired us to make this year's *Christian Herald* even better and more worthwhile than ever before.

We very much wanted to send a personal acknowledgement to each who ordered Christmas Gift Subscriptions. Unfortunately, vital requirements of war-time have made it necessary that we limit the tasks of our loyal staff of subscription workers who are spending long hours in insuring that every subscription be given prompt and proper service.

You may be sure that each of your gifts has been appropriately acknowledged to the recipient and that copies are going forward.

HELP MAKE NEW FRIENDS FOR CHRISTIAN HERALD IN 1943



## *A Guide for the New Year*

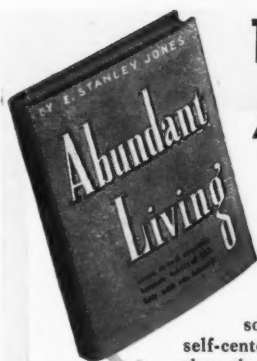
BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Open the Bible wide this New Year's day,  
Spread it upon a table at your side,  
The year ahead is a strange uncharted way,  
Here is your map, your teacher and your guide.  
Con it to find the blessed will of God,  
Study it long to learn its every truth,  
This is the road the ancient fathers trod,  
This is a signpost set for age and youth.

Here in these challenging days we need thee, Lord,  
Foolhardy indeed 'twould be to start alone  
Without the chart and compass of thy word,  
And with no guidance, face the great unknown.  
Give us the courage and the strength to go  
Forward with thee—a way we do not know.







# TO BRING *You* INNER PEACE AND POWER in a World at War

## ABUNDANT LIVING [169] E.

Stanley Jones—A new little book with a big purpose! . . . a book of Daily Devotions with a wholly new approach.

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**PRAYER POEMS [172] AN ANTHOLOGY—O. V. and Helen Armstrong**, the Compilers, have gathered hundreds of Prayer Poems by 200 authors. Poetic expressions of more than 75 moods and themes of prayer. Ideal for devotionals. **\$1.75**

**THE LORD'S PRAYER [143] Ernest Fremont Tittle**—Taking the Great Supplication phrase by phrase, this book considers the world and modern life from the standpoint of the Lord's Prayer. **\$1**

**VICTORIOUS SUFFERING [181] Carl A. Glover**—"Why has this come to me?" "How can I bear it?" "Why must I suffer?" To those who ask such questions, and to those who have these questions asked of them, the author sets forth a Christian philosophy through which life's pain may be met and turned into a blessing. **\$1**

**CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM in the Evangelical Churches [173] Thos. A. Stafford**—The first study of Christian Symbolism from the point of view of the Evangelical churches. For ministers, teachers, students and laymen. Profusely illustrated. **\$2**

**FIVE MARYS [163] Isabel Warrington Heaps**—A detailed portrayal of the lives and characters of the five important New Testament women named Mary. Illustrated from rare lithographs, the work of David Roberts, distinguished British artist. **\$1.50**

**PRAYER [139] Geo. A. Buttrick**—Let the best seller of 1942 help you through 1943. "But there are so many books on Prayer," they told us. "Can there be a place for another?" Then, almost at once, Dr. Buttrick's great volume made a place for itself—at the top of the list. Here at last is a working pattern of creative prayer that both challenges and inspires. *You need it.* **\$2.75**

**THE STORY OF THE BIBLE [290] Walter Russell Bowie**—For a year of creative Bible reading; a book for *all* the family; all the stories of the Bible in all their might and majesty, power and pageantry. So vividly related, every adult feels the fascination; so clearly, no child can miss the meaning. A big, beautiful book of 548 pages; 52 chapters; 20 great paintings in full color. "A Masterpiece."—*Christian Herald*.

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## Voices from Britain

### THINKING ALOUD IN WARTIME [205] Leslie D.

*Weatherhead*—A summing up of Christian considerations in a trying and turbulent time. Specially helpful are the chapters, "So what is a Christian to do?" and "Where does the Church come in?" **\$1**

### THE CHRISTIAN HAS WINGS [128] W. E. Sangster

—This is a commentary on Democracy's war aims, as set forth by ten statesmen of the English-speaking world. It brings out the underlying significance of great words used to designate the goals for which men struggle. **\$1.50**

### NEW HORIZONS [148]

*Frederick C. Gill*—A timely book of Christian optimism, written in a war-torn world. Challenges every Christian to lift his eyes and behold the horizons. **\$1**

### IN THE STORM [149] Leslie F. Church

—This book points man's spirit to the light which shines through darkness.

One comforting chapter, "The Pathway Through the Storm," is worth many times the book's modest price of **\$1.50**.

### THIS IS THE VICTORY [111] Leslie D. Weatherhead

—A book of faith and courage written in London while "the house trembles with the vibrations of guns and the explosion of bombs." It is a message from the battlefield—a message of Victory. Three sections: "Our Faith," "Some of Faith's Allies" and "Faith's Forward Look." Especially rewarding is the powerful chapter, "Faith in the New World." **\$2**

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Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING  
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

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**OUR PLATFORM** Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



## DOCTOR POLING

# Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

*Why do you not oppose the drafting of eighteen and nineteen year old youths? They are not mature. This is terrible.*

Answer:

With your deep feeling, I have equally deep and sincere sympathy. But war plays no favorites. That young husbands should be called and young fathers is equally tragic. Boys of eighteen and nineteen make and make quickly the best soldiers. At twenty-five, even the average man is too old to become a pilot. It would be folly, for it would lengthen the war, not to make complete preparation. Every day that brings the victory of freedom nearer saves unnumbered lives.

Question:

*What are the latest figures regarding church membership in America?*

Answer:

The Federal Council of Churches has just issued the following: Total church membership, 64,156,895. Of these 52,379,597 are above thirteen years of age. The total number of churches is 248,410, and (tragically) there are 200 religious bodies. Of these the 150 smaller bodies include only 2.7% of the total membership. Five years ago the church membership increased twice as fast as the population. Tragedy, 70,000,000 Americans belong to no church in any faith.

Question:

*Recently I was told that St. Patrick, patron Saint of all Irish and particularly of all Irish Catholics, was not a Roman Catholic. This is incredible. What justification is there for the statement?*

Answer:

Ample justification. In the fifth century, the century of the great Saint, there were no "Roman Catholics." All Christians were just Catholics and all Christians today have an equal claim on St. Patrick. He was, of course, the great apostle of Ireland. Though Palladius, a

consecrated bishop, was sent as the special evangelist to Ireland in 431, Patrick thirty years later achieved the complete loyalty of the Irish to the Christian faith. This is from St. Patrick's own confession: "My father was Calpornius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a priest, of the town of Bonavem Taberniae."

Question:

*Do you think that it is proper to practice for a minstrel show in the church sanctuary on Sunday night? This particular church has no Sunday night or mid-week services.*

Answer:

I do not—and it will take more than a minstrel show to rejuvenate these Sunday night and mid-week services.

Question:

*Can you give us the religious connections of United States Senators and Representatives?*

Answer:

The churches most largely represented in the House are Roman Catholic, 86; Methodist, 72; Presbyterian, 58; Baptist, 50; Episcopalian, 47; Lutheran, 16; Disciples, 15; Congregational-Christian, 14. Others belong to smaller church groups or are unspecified. In the Senate the listing is as follows: Roman Catholic, 11; Methodist, 21; Presbyterian, 11; Baptist, 10; Congregational-Christian, 7. Others are variously listed. The Mormons have two each in the House and the Senate. There are two Christian Scientists in the House, and one in the Senate. Seven Hebrews are listed in the House and none in the Senate.

Question:

*Do you think that vice and drinking conditions are worse since women got the ballot, and that it was a mistake giving it to them?*

Answer:

I think that vice and drinking condi-

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

tions in America are steadily worse. These conditions are measurably associated with the war. We have not yet faced the problem nor accepted its imperative obligations. But do not blame the voting woman. It was not a mistake to give her the ballot. She should have had it long before she received it.

Question:

*Do you favor Sunday work for the war emergency? Also, should draft boards meet on Sunday?*

Answer:

I do not favor Sunday work for the war emergency, save in special situations. Even Russia recognizes the fact that the seven-day week makes for waste and inefficiency. Not on religious grounds, but for physical and economic reasons, Russia bans the seventh day of toil for both men and machines. We have real religious grounds for doing this.

No, draft boards should not hold regular meetings on Sunday.

Question:

*I work at night, and I appreciate my church and get a lift from my sermons, but I feel keenly the lack of a direct ministry toward those who cannot attend Sunday services and participate in regular church activities.*

Answer:

In my own church we have just established at 12 noon on Wednesdays a service of worship for those who work at night or on Sundays and are therefore unable to take part in regular church services and activities. I believe that the Protestant church should, in this particular at least, follow the example of our Roman Catholic friends, who place their services and ministries, masses and all the rest at the hours when all classes and special work groups can attend or accept them.

Question:

*To me the worst spectacle of the present crisis is the "slowdown" in industry, the refusal of men to do their best. Is this not sabotage and should not those who are guilty be deprived of their exemption and drafted at once?*

Answer:

The "slowdown" referred to is not as general as suggested. But where it occurs those who are guilty should be deprived of their exemption and drafted at once. Frequently, if not generally, designing individuals who are agents of our enemies are responsible.

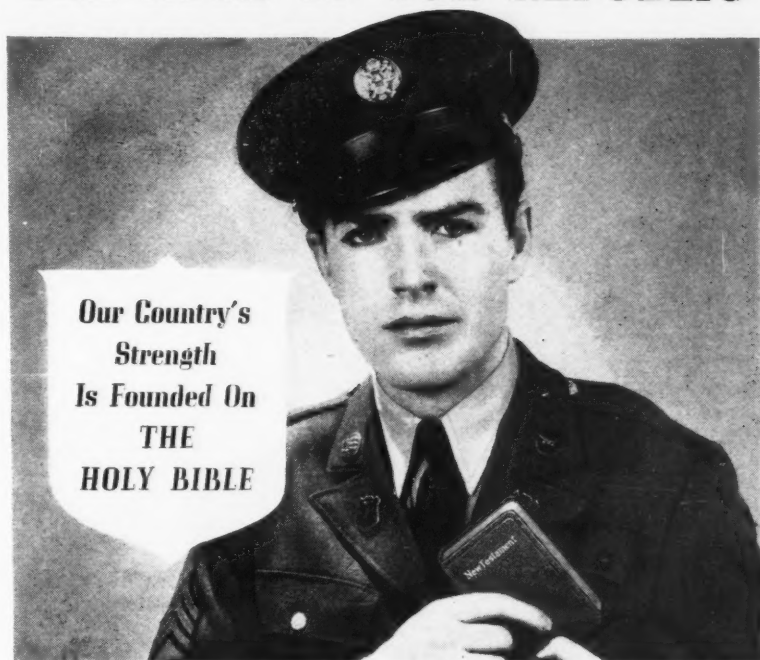
Question:

*Do you favor a general sales tax?*

Answer:

I do. It is the fairest possible tax.

## "THE ROCK OF OUR REPUBLIC"



A President\* of the United States once called the Holy Bible "The Rock of Our Republic." And so it is, especially today when men's and women's souls are tried by the fire of war.

In every war that America has fought, starting with the Mexican War in 1848, including World War 1, and now again today, the American Bible Society has been and is now supplying Bibles, New Testaments and portions of the Scriptures to men in the Armed Forces wherever they may be.

This is a noble work and it MUST GO ON! To further this work money is needed. Remember—only \$1.00 will give New Testaments to six of our boys—some of whom may never have seen a New Testament before.

Better still, why not buy an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement? These Agreements afford you the opportunity of giving—and receiving at the same time as high as 7% on your money under a plan which has never failed to make prompt payments in over 100 years of the Society's activities. Gifts upon the Annuity basis have helped to make it possible to provide the Word of God to young men in the uniform of our country for nearly 100 years! Why not investigate this Plan for Christian giving at once! Send for the booklet "A Gift That Lives."

\*President Andrew Jackson

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## I had a visitor today ...

We will call him John Jones, for it is as good a name as any; eleven months ago he was a drunkard, one of those they call incurable.

Just another Bowery Bum, the passerby would say. Thin to emaciation, dirty beyond words and disgusting to look at—but a man and where there's life, there's hope.

When I sat talking to him today I could not help saying: "John, it's hard to believe you could ever have been dirty." He was clean from head to toe, his clothing fresh and his manner that of a gentleman.

It only takes one John Jones to remove all the doubts one could have on the power of religion to cure a man of almost any beastly habit. Could you have known John eleven months ago and seen him today, you would have found it hard to believe he was one and the same man.

Now he has a job with a large baking company. The joy of his cleanliness of body and clearness of mind brings a sparkle to his eyes, and a warm, comforting feeling to those

who worked with him so long. How can man, knowing this joy ever return to the filth and neglect that drunkenness brings him?

John is sure he will never touch the venomous stuff again and we have faith in his cure—but should he slip we want to be on hand to help him back once more, to convince him that it is not a hopeless fight but a hard, continuous one.

**YOUR MISSION ON THE BOWERY STANDS IN THE MIDST OF SIN AND CORRUPTION. THERE COULD BE NO BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO SERVE THAN ON THIS STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN!**

There's a bed for the homeless, food for the hungry; there's an employment bureau where no fee is required to get a job; clean, warm clothing for the poorly clothed; the writing room offers an opportunity and free postage to the man who wants to write home or apply for a job. The Mission's Chapel is the poor man's church—he is among men of his kind and not conspicuous in his shabbiness. Bringing men into the Bowery Mission's Chapel can be the first step toward a new life—it is our job to send them away with the strength and courage to meet life and be masters of themselves.

Your Mission on the Bowery devotes itself to men in distress, giving relief as our funds allow, but our chief job is to help men set their lives in the pattern following Jesus Christ.

This is the work for which we ask your continued support —IT WILL NOT BE DONE UNLESS YOU DO IT.

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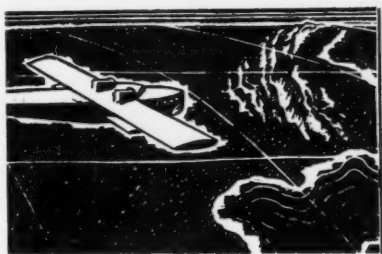
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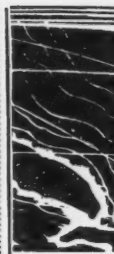
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# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## AT HOME

**RATIONED:** Misery loves company: the East is chuckling over the news that the whole nation will soon be suffering what the Eastern seaboard has been suffering for months. All the U. S. is to have its gasoline rationed.

There really is no reason why the whole country shouldn't be buying its gas out of ration-books, because the whole country is involved in the winning—or losing—of the war. The plea of certain Congressmen that there is no gas shortage in their sections and therefore there should be no rationing, leaves us laughing. The hard truth is that this is a move not to save gas but to save *tires*. Tires on civilian automobiles are wearing out eight times faster than they can be replaced; if we allowed that to go on, the vast majority of civilian cars from Florida to Maine would be *off the road* by next year.

There are 27,000,000 passenger cars in America. That represents a lot of rubber, which must be safeguarded. We think the men in charge of the rubber program know more about it than we do; we think the President and Mr. Baruch are certainly in a position to know more about the rubber needs of the Army and the Navy than we do.

Few weeks ago, 22,000 Japanese died near the Solomons. That was blood being spilled, not rubber. It takes a pretty cheap man to stand in the way of rubber conservation when blood is being lost at such a rate as this. . . .

**ROAD:** Traffic is running over the new 1600-mile road to Alaska. Opened months ahead of time, the road links Alaska to Canadian railheads in British Columbia; it will enable the Army to move supplies fast against the Japanese in the Aleutians, in wartime; what it will mean to Alaska in peacetime is unpredictable.

This road started out to be a rough "pioneer" sort of road; it has turned out to be a well-graded, well-drained truck road, built under almost impossible conditions through a wilderness. The men who built it (and write it down for posterity's sake that Negro troops did most of the hard work on this road) have accom-

plished an engineering feat to make the world wonder. They employed every known device from up-to-the-second airplanes to the ancient pack-horse and dog-train; they pushed forests of spruce, jack-pine and aspen off cliffs with huge tractors; they worked in winter weather so cold that it was impossible to drive a tent-peg into the ground, and they worked in summer heat that reached more than ninety degrees. They fought mosquitoes, flies and various and sundry other insect pests; in wet weather they slogged through bottomless mud and in dry weather they fought a dust worse than Gobi dust. They got the road through, and they were singing as they put down the last mile.

The age of romance is not dead.

**POLL TAX:** The poll tax has been talked to death in Washington, but there are those around Capitol Hill who look for a resurrection. It will come up again, they say. We hope it will not come up again until the war is over. Filibusters in Washington hardly go with fighting in Africa.

The ordinary layman, we believe, was and still is a bit bewildered about this poll tax business. By way of explanation let us say that the poll tax is a requirement made in *only eight states* that citizens pay a tax (usually \$1 or \$1.50) as a qualification for voting. They are eight *Southern* states. (Louisiana and Florida have dropped the poll tax, and Louisiana is about to drop it.) Those who fought for the repeal of this tax claimed that it was a part of white discrimination against the Negro—a part of the effort to keep him from voting.

That accusation of discrimination is hardly fair, for the tax applies to whites as well as to Negroes; such discrimination as does exist in Dixie does not exist through the poll tax. But what is really involved, and involved deeply, is the old burdensome question of states' rights. Too many of us missed the fact, in the noise of the filibuster, that if the national government has the right to determine voting qualifications in the several states, it has the right to determine almost

everything else. At the present time each state fixes its own qualifications. We think, editorially, that it should be kept that way.

We think the question will come up again; again we pray Congress, "Let it rest until we've won the war." Then let's have it out in unrestricted, unlimited debate, so the whole country can know what it's all about.

**SUBS:** Headlines recently have been screaming the bad news of new ship sinkings. These are sinkings out at sea, and that is important.

A lot of us have been lulled into complacency over the statements of Navy officials to the effect that the submarine menace off our shores has been all but liquidated. It has—*off our shores*. The sub has been driven out to sea, but we err badly if we think they have been driven from the sea. They still hunt, in packs; they are still taking a toll which those who know say is too alarming a toll. We are building ships faster than the wolves of the sea can sink them, but if this war goes three years more, every ship may be worth her weight in gold. As those supply lines lengthen to North Africa and Italy, the submarine is granted a larger and larger hunting-ground, and it will become harder and harder to hunt them down.

So—we need Mr. Kaiser. Several Mr. Kaisers, who will build us a ship-a-week in every yard from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

**PAIN:** The other night we heard a young man talking about his operation; he complained of the pain. It's human to complain of pain, but when we read the story of Dr. John F. Erdmann, who operated on Grover Cleveland, we wondered what the young man had to kick about.

Dr. Erdmann tells of horse-and-buggy days in surgery, long ago, when it was sheer murder to open an abdomen. Surgeons believed then that they should never operate when a northeast wind was blowing, because a northeast wind always brought erysipelas. They used iodine al-



Courtesy London Daily Mirror

#### A LONDON CARTOONIST SEES HITLER "DIGGING IN"

most exclusively as an antiseptic; they operated in operating-rooms that were a fog of atomized carbolic solution, with their shirt sleeves rolled up (the more fastidious washed their hands) and in their street clothes; catgut, silver wire, silk and horsehair were the popular sutures; often the horsehair was procured by sending an orderly out into a stable to pull out a handful from a mare's tail. Patients remained motionless for days in a dark room, after the ordeal. The fatality-rate was terrific. Why not?

Dr. Erdmann operated on President Cleveland. Cleveland had a cancer of the upper left jaw; the operation took place with Cleveland propped up in a chair, in the cabin of a yacht owned by the late E. C. Benedict, with his head leaning back against the mast. The doctors took off the whole left upper jaw, and shortly thereafter a dentist fitted him with an artificial jaw made of vulcanized rubber. Cleveland lived for nineteen years after that, and died of an abdominal complication!

The good old days! Few months ago, some surgeons took a man's heart out, stitched it, and put it back—and the patient recovered. What do you mean, the good old days?

**HELL!** Damn! Last night we saw a movie preview that really bothered us. It was a European movie dealing with the war, and the screen was packed with men shouting "Hell" and "Damn" and other plain and fancy oaths—filled with more swearing men than we have seen on any screen since movies began. (The picture has not yet been released to pub-

lic view; unless and until it gets a thorough scrubbing, we hope it isn't released.)

We're bothered about it, for up to now the movies in America have kept their celluloid skirts quite clear of profanity. We can take our American hat off to the Hays Office for that. Appointed as official cracker-downer on movie profanity, Will Hays has taken his job seriously and he has placed the American movie-going public everlastingly in his debt by his 21-year effort to keep the screen clean. We'd hate to see it go profane after all that twenty-one year fight for decency.

The movie-makers will certainly be tempted to float with the profane tide. It seems to be the fashion right now to imitate the guttersnipe; several of our leading (?) magazines have been going dirty since Pearl Harbor; the language of the stage is nothing to cheer about; people we've thought perfectly respectable for forty years seem to think all of a sudden that there's something smart in sounding off with "Hell" and "Damn" at the least provocation.

We hope the movies will be smart and stop it, quick. The screen has too much at stake, in view of the tremendous influence on youth and in view of the alarming growth in American juvenile delinquency, to drop its standard now.

A picture doesn't need to swear to be successful; "One Foot In Heaven" and "Mrs. Miniver" and "Sergeant York" proved that. Take the hint, Hollywood.

**COURIER'S CUES:** Smartest men in Washington are saying it will take a year to finish Hitler, two years more to finish

Japan. . . . New Congressmen, elected last November, will probably check the Administration, insisting on more efficiency, but they will *not* be too outright in opposition to general principles of the New Deal. . . . Congress will lean over backward to help the farmer; new need for food production will spur this. . . . Registration of 14-to-17-year-olds will be suggested soon, probably not acted upon until 1943. . . . Pay-as-you-earn taxes will likely be voted before March, and forced savings plan will also be voted, but we refuse to say when.

## A B R O A D

**TRAPPED:** As we go to press, the Russians have driven to the borders of Latvia, the German invaders before Stalingrad are in a trap, the Germans in the Caucasus are in danger of being cut off, and Hitler is pouring troops and planes into Tunisia in a desperate effort to halt the British-American push toward Italy. Poor Marshal Rommel is still running faster than the British, but he doesn't count now. Hitler has given him and his army up as a bad job; it's a case of saving Italy now, not of saving Rommel!

All of which means that Hitler is "hoist by his own petard," or caught in a trap of his own making. The British-American successes in Algeria and Tunisia have not only opened the longed-for second front, but they have forced Hitler to take so many men and planes out of Russia that the Russians have found it possible to stage their first real offensive. Forced to divide his dwindling forces, Hitler now faces not war on one front, but on three: he finds himself at the heart of a triangle with the three sides closing in. The apex of the triangle lies in Norway and the base rests on Spain and the Caucasus foothills in the East. Timoshenko in the East is smashing hole after hole in the Nazi lines; Anderson and Montgomery are driving for Tripoli, which is the real goal of the war in the desert. And in the West, Britain waits the zero hour to invade the Continent from across the Channel.

What was it Jesus said about those who took the sword?

**TOULON:** The French at Verdun, in World War I, heard the cheers of the whole world when, with their gallant cry of "They Shall Not Pass," they halted the Germans and turned the tide of the war. The French at Toulon, in World War II, have called forth even greater cheers in scuttling their own fleet. It is the most dramatic act of the conflict. With every captain on his bridge, the order of Admiral Jean de la Borde ("Carry Out Plan B") was executed. The ships went down in a blaze of glory, with the flag of France flying and the Nazi planes buzzing in a helpless fury overhead. It

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is one of the splendid defeats of history—if you can call it defeat.

Over and over again, in these columns, we have said that the French were still French, still brave men not yet beaten. This proves it. The explosions from within the hulls of these ships are but the echo of the explosions of a French resistance to the Nazi which heretofore has been smouldering beneath the surface; it is the echo of the heroism of Norway, the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Greece and the rest of occupied Europe.

And mark this: this "Plan B" that scuttled the fleet was agreed upon *right after the Franco-German armistice of June, 1940*. As long ago as that, the French had decided, in the face of ruthless Nazi vengeance, that the Germans would never use a French man-of-war to enslave the rest of the world. The loss of these ships is far greater to the Germans than it is to the Allies; with that fleet, the Nazis would have made the combined tonnage of the Axis navies one-third greater than that of the Allied Nations. Besides, the sinkings now release the British ships long detailed to keep watch over Toulon.

The French are still in the war. Vive la France!

**REVOLUTION:** An innocent-looking Britisher has touched the match to the social and economic powder barrel of England: Sir William Beveridge's report on social security in Great Britain amounts to the announcement of a revolution.

Not having read in full the 300,000-word report, it is too early for us to be critical. We are thinking in general terms when we say that the suggestions laid down by Sir William and his Commission are something more than a weak "Amen" to the Atlantic Charter. A definite program for the establishment of one of the greatest of the freedoms of the Charter—freedom from want—is offered here; it recommends an extension of the existing social insurance system, coverage for the entire population (including housewives), provision for every normal contingency of life, including marriage as well as maternity and funeral costs, socialized medicine on a vast scale, the granting of employment and disability benefits without a time limit, the doubling and trebling of present benefit scales. Revolution (a typically slow, evolutionary, British revolution) is the name for it!

There will be plenty of argument over this; the Tories are already mobilizing against it. But some of it is bound to be made into law. We'd like to see *all* of it made into law—and then we'd like to see the underlying causes of this misery attacked at its source. Our only comment on the Beveridge report at this point is that it seems to be aspirin, recommended as cure for an economic and social disease. What we need, all over the world, is something more preventive, some legislative knife that will go down and cut at

the roots of the trouble. But that will come, in time.

Of the Report, we only say now, "This is worth fighting for!"

**PACIFIC:** Good news rushes on the heels of good news from the Pacific; there is every reason to believe that Japan has advanced as far as she will ever advance in these waters, and that the fingers of the Japanese mailed fist are being clipped off, one by one. But lest we become too optimistic, let's remember that the Japanese war-machine has as many arms as their multi-armed Buddha. The Nipponese are still fighting well on four active fronts, and they have not yet lost one really important base.

Their naval strength, thanks to engagements with the U. S. Navy at Midway and in the Solomons, is diminishing fast. They lost 22,000 men and we do not yet know exactly how many ships in the Solomons affair; she lost 10,000 men

the most to squeeze that ring to the point where both Emperor and Feuhrer will cry "Uncle."

**CRIPPS:** Sir Stafford Cripps has stepped down and out of the British War Cabinet. That had to be, for Cripps is the symbol of a phase of the war that has now been smothered by a new phase.

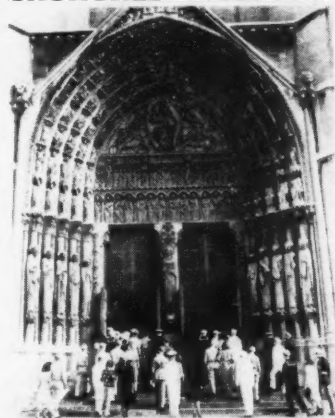
Marxian in sympathies and Left Wing in ideology, Sir Stafford was of tremendous value so long as there was danger of Russia going over to the German side. When Hitler forced Stalin's hand and marched on Moscow, Russia had to be assured by a British leader that British hatred of Communism would not stand in the way of a British-Russian fighting alliance. Cripps was sent to Moscow to give that assurance, and he was trusted in Moscow. He did his job, and did it well.

Then poor Cripps was sent to India; to solve in ten days a problem that all the statesmen since Warren Hastings could not solve. He had to bring assurance to India; he carried promises that he must have known the Indians would never accept. His mission fizzled, and he returned to an England that suddenly had lost faith in him. Then, breathlessly, came the Allied attack through North Africa and the Russian counter-offensive at Stalingrad. This was the new offensive phase; Cripps represented the defensive phase, which no longer existed. So—out, Sir Stafford.

Anthony Eden steps in—and that's important. For Eden represents the traditional conservatism of the Empire. Out, Left Wing; in, conservatism! But this does not mean that we have heard the last of Cripps. We will have heard the last of him only when the Indian question is settled—and breathes there a man with brain so dead that he thinks the Indian question will be settled in the next fifty years?

Cripps knows more about India, and commands more respect in India despite the failure of his recent mission, than any other man in Europe. Aye—he'll be back.

## CHURCHES WELCOME



## SERVICE MEN

on Guadalcanal; she lost the backbone of her carrier fleet at Midway. She holds a perilous beachhead in New Guinea, where what is left of her troops stand in a desperate position with their backs to the sea. This means that the life-line that runs from the United States to Australia and the South Seas is no longer in peril. American thrusts at the invaders in the Aleutians and the impossible position of the Japanese there means that the danger of an invasion of this continent by way of Alaska is removed. So much for that.

What remains to be done now is to keep China fighting until American strength there is sufficient for an invasion from North China into Japan. That may be timed with another two-pronged thrust toward the northern Solomons and New Britain Island. Established there, we would have Japan in a trap quite similar to the one closing around Hitler. There is a ring of steel being forged around both Tokyo and Berlin. We think it will take not more than two years at

## CHURCH NEWS

**LEAGUE:** A new high level of interdenominational cooperation in America has been reached in the establishment of the Service Men's Christian League. That's a long name for the new, very efficient organization which will assist Protestant chaplains of all denominations in their work among the men in the armed forces.

This League is sponsored jointly by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the World's Christian Endeavour Union, the International Council of Religious Education and the General Commission of Army and Navy Chaplains. It will provide the chaplain with religious literature and discussion



outlines, and it will aid the service man in maintaining his church affiliation and help in preparing him for Christian citizenship when he returns to civil life. Responsibility for plans and program is in the hands of a National Council, of which Bishop Adna Wright Leonard is Chairman, and Christian Herald's Dan Poling is Vice-Chairman.

We feel like shouting this thing from the housetops, for two very good reasons. One is that this united effort of Protestantism grows out of the initial serviceman's organization set up by Christian Endeavor; C. E. blazed the path for this. (See the lead article in the August 1942 *Christian Herald*) and the League is making use of the original C. E. literature and set-up. The other reason is that it is a move in the right direction: toward a unified-church-in-action at a time when the church in America can ill afford to be anything else but unified. The leaders in this thing deserve our cheers.

**LOTTERIES:** If you listen to your radio, you may have heard the wild argument that developed the other night, from the weekly forum held in Washington, over the question of a national lottery. Congressman Sabath (what a name, for a man advocating a lottery!) proposes a bill which would legalize a national lottery. Criticized for that by certain church representatives, the Congressman shot back with the suggestion that people who "approve and applaud" their pastor when he "raffles off a patchwork quilt for the benefit of the roofing fund" have little right to object to his lottery on moral grounds.

Much as we hate to admit it, Congressman Sabath has something there. *Christian Herald* has been fighting the whole idea of raffles, chances, lotteries, et al, in the churches, since the thing began. But frankly, we know of precious few Protestant churches engaging in such practices. And even if there were many churches raffling off these patch-work quilts, it would not make Mr. Sabath's lottery any less despicable. Two wrongs do not make a right.

A national lottery would be a national disgrace. It would be a case of taking money from mental babes; it would drop Uncle Sam, whom some of us still respect, to the level of the pool-room gambler and the race-track tout. Those who advocate it, say it is necessary to raise money this way to win the war. We say there isn't much sense in winning the war if we are going to turn America into a nation of gamblers before we win it.

**UNION:** The American Sunday School Union has served the cause of Sunday Schools well for one hundred and twenty-five years. Last year alone, the Union sent its 160 missionaries traveling 2,447,720 miles to minister to more than 130,000 pupils in 3,500 rural Sunday Schools. That's an enviable record for

any organization in American Protestantism.

The Union might take great pride in the fact that among its early leaders were Daniel Webster, Dwight L. Moody, Francis Scott Key and Supreme Court Justice John McLean. But the Union is forward-looking, not ancestor-worshipping: they are celebrating their 125th anniversary with a drive to resurrect some 10,000 abandoned churches in rural sections of the country.

May it be a case of this Union forever, one and inseparable!

**MOVIES:** Those of us who are so quick to condemn the movies on the ground that they are "all rotten, made by a rotten crowd," might take a long look at the figures just released by the Legion of Decency, that Roman Catholic organization set up to help clean up movie-dom. According to the Legion, *slightly less than one per cent of the 530 films reviewed last year were condemned.* That isn't bad, at all!

**JAPANESE:** It's a bit hard for the layman to make sense out of some of the statements that are being made about the Japanese by those who are in a position to know the Japanese. Bishop Tucker of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for instance, says that "Japan will be the most difficult of the Axis nations to conquer. . . . The Japanese have instilled in them from birth the belief that they must never give up and that they must die if necessary for their Emperor. This fanatical belief will prolong their side of the conflict. . . ."

But Dr. Howard D. Hannaford, Presbyterian missionary recently returned to the United States, declares that "The young Japanese are serious minded. . . . Although not anxious for military service . . . he becomes pessimistic about the future and enters the army expecting to die."

There is a sharp contradiction in these statements. Pessimism undermines the will to win; when a man enters the army without the high hope of victory but with only the determination to die, then he is far from an unconquerable enemy. He already has "three strikes" against him. It is hard to see how such a psychology in the Japanese soldier will prolong the conflict.

It would seem to us that Germany is harder to conquer, for Germany knows what she will get if Germany loses! She had an experience in that just after Versailles—which Japan did not.

**AMMUNITION:** While we haven't said anything about it in these columns, we expected trouble over the new war song "Praise the Lord and Pass The Ammunition." Trouble has come. The song hit is the hub of a controversy between Seattle ministers and service men and their families. Dr. Newton E. Moats, president of the Seattle Council of Churches and

Christian Education, raps the song as "the type that would be a great setting for 'Tobacco Road,'" and described it as a mixture of Negro spiritual and syncope. Dr. Robert T. McFarlane, formerly a Seattle pastor and now an army chaplain, contends that "the song is far removed from one of actual praise to the Almighty." Dr. Clinton E. Ostrander of University Congregational Church calls it bluntly "Blasphemous!" And Dr. B. P. Richardson of Queen Anne Baptist Church observes that "The song brings holy things down to an unholy level."

Variety, the weekly trade journal of the entertainment field, enters the fray by calling religious groups that object to the song just a lot of "Bluenoses," and reports that theater operators in the "hinterland" have been requested by church bodies to prevent performers from singing the song; there are, it seems, certain "Bluenose" activities in even blasé Manhattan!

Well—choose your side and state your case. So far as this editor is concerned, he likes the tune and he doesn't like the words. He wonders what any parson would have said if he had been put in the desperate spot in which the author of these words found himself; and he wonders what the innocent chaplain who first uttered those words must be thinking about it all.

And we wish someone would come up out of Tin Pan Alley with a song that would do for us in this war what "Over There" did for us in the last. This song doesn't do that.

**NOW:** There is much that can be done now toward the rebuilding of the world on a more Christian basis, without waiting for the armistice. Suggestions along that line continue to reach the headlines. Mr. A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation wires President Roosevelt suggesting that the Oriental Exclusion Act be repealed immediately, and that the U. S. offer to mediate in India. That would probably be as great a help as the recent move to free the Italians in America from the status of enemy aliens; it would be a greater blow at Axis morale than a thousand bullets.

The Philadelphia Federation of Churches steps up with a request to all churches in town to open their doors to both Negro and white worshipers, without discrimination. That means something, in Philadelphia; here the line is drawn on the race question as plainly as the white traffic-line down Broad Street. Such a resolution ought to mean something to churches all over the United States; the time is gone when the white man is "superior"; the man-of-other-color knows it, and it is time the white man knew it. If there is to be any peace in this world at all, for the next generation, we'd better settle this race question right here at home before we presume to settle it in Cape Town and Singapore.



**GREAT LACK:** Congressman William E. Hess delivered a speech this week in Cincinnati that we would like to see circularized by the million. Commenting sharply on the "total absence of any religious note in the patriotic utterances of our national leaders," Mr. Hess said he felt that in this war, "we seem to be depending upon a materialistic concept of life. I think this is a mistake, because the fight is going to be hard, and in hard battles men find they need something more than materialistic considerations and juke-box music to inspire them. This continent was not settled nor were American battles won by atheists. . . ."

We say "Amen." And we rise to remark that there are two types of leaders leading us. One type is frankly, sincerely religious; it is typified by General Washington on his knees at Valley Forge and the recent definitely religious Thanksgiving service in the White House. The other is the type of leader who is an opportunist with religion; he is typified by Mussolini, who gave an altar to the people of Italy and set it up in the Colosseum, and who would stab the church in the back at a moment's notice, if the church got in his way.

We would like to call to the attention of our political leaders the advertising that business leaders are using in the pages of our national magazines. Have you been watching it? Have you noticed that there is a definite religious note among the advertisers, who are trying to point out the real issues for which we fight? You'd expect the manufacturers to be materialistic, wouldn't you? They are not. They are miles ahead of some of our national leaders. Here is an ad with an American church inviting a German woman in to pray; here is another with a man rising in a pew and saying, "I want to preach a sermon." Another shows the skyline of a city dominated by church steeples. Another . . . well, just take a look at the advertisement of Pan-American-World Airways, in this issue. That one would do a lot of good on your church bulletin-board.

This is a definite trend. The advertisers see it. The man in the street sees it. Men in the armed forces, religious and praying as never before, are aware of it. Why in heaven's name can't more of our national leaders be aware of it?

**GOVERNOR:** Just to leave this section of the news on a positive note, we would pay tribute here to a great Governor who has just been elected President of the International Council of Religious Education. He is Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota.

Governor Stassen succeeds Mr. J. L. Kraft (see "God and the Cheese Man," in *Christian Herald* for February 1941.) He has served as vice-president of the Northern Baptist Convention for the past two years, and he feels that "we must match our all-out war effort with an accelerated program of religious education."

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His religious experience is not shallow; it goes back to his boyhood, and it goes deep.

He is one of our deeply sincere religious leaders.

**PICTURES:** Parents should be encouraged by the appearance of "Picture Stories From The Bible." We've just been looking over the Fall edition of these "religious comics," and it strikes us as being the finest piece of pictorial work for children we've seen in many a blue moon.

"Picture Stories From The Bible" is being published under the conviction that a simple, attractive picturing of the old Bible stories will lead children to read these stories and to benefit thereby. It was a good idea, judging by the way the thing has caught the fancy of parents who have been worried half to death by the other "comics" on the market. (We learn that this second issue has a distribution so far of 350,000; the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. is the best customer.) The Bible here becomes as much a part of child life as the secular comics have been, and we're glad of it. We're a little weary of Superman.

On the cover of the Fall edition of this booklet is the Bible's Superman—good young David, giving bad old Goliath his just desserts. The story-value is stressed between the covers, as is the moral and spiritual teaching of the Book. The first edition contained the stories of Noah, Joseph, Moses, Saul, Ruth, Jonah and Esther; the second pictures the lives of Joshua, Samson, David, Solomon and Daniel. Art and literary work is excellent. This will mean a great deal, as one minister from Bridgeport puts it, "to the millions of children in this country who never enter a Sunday School and never read the Bible. It has already meant something to Sunday School teachers and pupils who do go to Sunday School. It's a nice piece of work; look at it for yourself."

**HERE AND THERE:** Bishop Berggrav of Norway, in prison, is working on a translation of the New Testament into modern Norwegian. It will be read long after Hitler's death . . . Mt. Washington Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, holds a combination breakfast and service for war workers from 5 to 7 A.M., and likes it . . . Clergy at Harrisburg, Pa., are asking for a 10:30 P.M. curfew to help fight juvenile delinquency.

## TEMPERANCE

**DEATHS:** We have just seen the figures on liquor-inspired fatalities for 1940. That may seem a long time ago, but remember that it takes a year or more, always, to get such figures accurately tabulated.

The Census Bureau tells us that deaths in the U. S. from alcoholism during the census year of 1940 were 1.9 per 100,000. This is nearly twice the rate of 1920, which averaged one death in every 100,000. We can thank repeal for the price-less boon.

**TRAINS:** Coming home from work the other night, we read a liquor advertisement which pictured a jolly-looking train conductor. Said the conductor, as we recall his words: "I had heard about Blank's Beer, so on the way home I just had to stop in and buy a bottle of it; from now on, it's Blank's Beer for me!" Or words to that effect.

Aside from the fact that any conductor found buying beer would probably be fired on the spot, we wonder what the commuters (who were placing their lives in the conductor's hands) must have thought of that invitation to railroad drinking, issued so brazenly to the trainmen. Boozing and running railroad trains just never go together; ask any railway official, anywhere.

Next morning, on the way to work, we read of a bad train wreck at Croton-On-Hudson, in which an engineer and his fireman were killed. Examination of the engineer's brain disclosed that fact that there was a percentage of .094 of alcohol in that brain; the doctor said that this was quite enough for the engineer to "lose his sense of caution."

And then we recalled a terrible wreck, some months back, in the Hudson and Manhattan tubes that lead from New York City to Jersey City. We forget the number of dead on that hideous casualty list, but we still remember that the motorman on the wrecked train had been drinking beer before he started his run.

Beer, say the brewers, is really quite harmless stuff. You just can't class it with hard liquor—until some engineer or motorman drinks it and wrecks his train and kills his passengers!

**BILL:** For religion and religious purposes in these United States in the year 1941 we gladly spent \$600,000,000. Good! Now read this, which isn't quite so good; we spent

For Alcoholic	
Beverages	\$5,000,000,000
For Gambling	\$6,500,000,000
For Crime	
Costs	15,000,000,000
Vice and other	
sins,	5,000,000,000 (estimated)

**TOTAL** \$31,500,000,000

Or, to put it briefly, for every dollar we gave the Lord we gave the brewers, gamblers, etc., fifty dollars. Read it, America, and weep.

**MOTTO FOR THE MONTH:** The liquor industry would destroy the Church if it could (which it can't); the Church could destroy the liquor traffic if it would (which it should).

## AFTER THAT THE JUDGMENT

ANOTHER has written, "When the breakthrough comes, when Hitler's power crumbles, the world will see such a spectacle of vengeance as mankind has never known before." One can imagine (or is that possible?) the bloody spectacle of a victorious Russia marching on Berlin or of the Poles and Czechs sweeping forward from their ravished cities to lay waste the cities of their despoilers. Now for the Christian is not too soon to face these possible facts. After the overthrow of the Axis will come the judgment, but for the Christian always judgment must be tempered with mercy and "Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord." But what about punishment? Are crimes to go uncondemned and criminals unpunished?

In a widely discussed sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury, England's distinguished Protestant leader, said:

"The first requirement after such a convulsion (the war) is the expression of justice. This involves at least two different sorts of consideration. There ought to be punishment of individuals responsible in any way for proved atrocities. This should be imposed by a judicial procedure calculated as far as may be to satisfy all concerned that cases are really proved and that those who suffer are really guilty.

"But secondly there is need to express justice as between the nations, and here a special difficulty confronts us, because so far as any settlement is penal, it loses its quality of justice as the years pass. It is not possible to treat a nation through the many generations of its life as a single moral agent, and a generation which grows up under restrictions imposed for what were the acts of its predecessors is sure to be embittered and has a just grievance on its side.

"Consequently, so far as the expression of justice is concerned, there is need for a short-term and a long-term treatment. There ought to be such expression of the moral condemnation of recent German policy as cannot fail to bring home to the German people what is the moral judgment of the world concerning them. On the other hand, there must in the long-term policy be provision that the coming generations shall be able to recognize the position given to them in the world, as fair. . . .



"But Christians at any rate, and indeed civilized men generally, cannot be content in this way to treat one great member of the family of nations as quite distinct from all the others standing over against them. We must look forward to renewed fellowship, and consequently while the settlement is bound to be such as will appear severe to the German state, it must also be such as secures to the ordinary German citizen of future generations an even chance of sharing in the benefits of civilization with his neighbors, provided his State is itself behaving as a good neighbor among them."

Here, it seems to us, is the realism of "Love your enemies." It includes acceptance of responsibility for administering the armistice period and for organizing the peace so as to preserve the fruits of victory to those who have paid their price, but also it provides that friends and foes alike shall have justice with the opportunities of democracy and freedom.

It cannot be too often repeated that neither war nor peace can be isolated and that no nation can have the justified hope of a durable peace unless all nations possess it. The price of war is inconceivably great, and to win this war the free peoples must pay that price in blood and treasure. But peace also has a price which in the past America, particularly, has ignored, denied or refused to pay. For us, when the actual fighting ceases, the first menace will be the isolationist mind. Should that mind again prevail we shall again betray our dead and commit the nation's unborn to the tortures of the inevitable next world war. The evil might of the Axis must be broken. This is first. To win the peace the war must first be won, but to win the war and lose the peace would, for the Allies, make of any military and political victory a base futility.

The world needs now the spirit of the twenty-year-old Dutch lad who fell before a German firing squad on February 27, 1942. His crime? Seeking to escape and join Dutch forces in Britain. In an amazing letter written to his father are these final sentences: "They can only take our bodies. Our souls are in God's hands. That should be sufficient consolation. I am going—until we meet again in a reunion which will be so much happier. May God bless you all. Have no hate. I die without hatred. God rules everything."

And here indeed is the realism of "Love your enemies" and "Do good to them that hate you." In the unconquerable soul of the Dutch lad is the spirit, the immortal faith, to win both the war and the peace.



Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



VICE PRESIDENT WALLACE . . . PORTRAIT BY BERTRAND ZADIG

# THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE VICE-PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES

By

FRANK S. MEAD



HEN you stand on a Capital curb and watch the traffic in the streets boil by, Washington is a picture of war-time turmoil. Everything and everybody here is in one terrific hurry. Nobody walks; everybody runs; they almost fall all over each other. This is war-time Washington. This is the great pulsing, pounding, jumping heart of America's effort to win a global war.

You stand on the curb and look at it and you wonder whether in all this slam-bang Donnybrook Fair there is one single cool, quiet, steady, knowing mind and heart directing things toward any sensible goal. There is, if you know where to look.

One such mind and heart is to be found in the person of Mr. Henry Agard Wallace, Vice-President of these United States. He holds forth in a cool, quiet, spacious suite in the Senate Office Build-

ing—a long, tall, amiable Iowa-sort of an individual with a ten-thousand-dollar smile and the reputation of being the most religiously-minded man in Washington. I talked with him only yesterday. He eased himself down beside me into the comfortable depths of a big leather divan in his office and waited for me to start asking questions.

We had questions. Carefully worked

out questions; *leading* questions, to make him talk. What was the place of the Church in the war? What should Christians be doing now? Did faith have a ghost of a chance in a world ruled by force? How could religion help us get a decent peace and a decent world to live in after the peace? He pondered the questions carefully and then he sent the well-planned interview haywire with just one sentence. He went off on an angle we'd never thought of. He said:

"If we are to have a decent peace and a decent world after the peace, two things must happen. Religion must expand and take in a lot more territory; and we must have a tremendous revival of the missionary crusade. It doesn't make much difference what else we do, unless we do this."

It was most unorthodox. We were still trying to get it straight when he hur-



ried into an explanation:

"Let me put it this way. First of all, before we do anything else, we've got to win this war. I mean win it completely. We can't settle down to anything until we do that. It is sheer nonsense to talk about peace or freedom or a better way of living for anybody anywhere, until we have convinced the Nazis and the Japanese that their way is wrong, and that the world simply will not have it.

"Once that's done, another challenge will rush upon us: to start expanding religion and to get down to earth with it. What we will need then will be not men bound to the dead past, but men who feel on their faces the breath of the oncoming future. What we will need then will be men to whom religious faith is a matter of this world as well as the next.

"The trouble with too much of our religious effort in the past, I'm afraid, has been that it has been too other-worldly. Don't mistake me. I believe in that other world, with all my heart; with all that is within me, I believe in that life after death. But I sympathize with the lady who once came to former Secretary Roper to ask a promotion for her husband, who was working in one of the other Government Departments. Mr. Roper, not wishing to offend her, asked her as to the qualifications which she felt entitled her husband to the promotion. Replied the long-suffering lady, 'My husband is the poorest-prepared man for this world and the best prepared man for the next of any man I know!'

"You see, the man who is well prepared for the world to come and ill prepared for this earth is not doing the cause of religion any real good. *We must learn to use the heavenly powers that are about us to serve the cause of practical, useful living here on earth.*

"I believe with all my heart in conversion. But conversion, unless it is promptly followed by factual knowledge for the general good, may easily become spiritual waste. If the Kingdom of Heaven is to come to this earth,—and we're here to help that along, aren't we?—then we must combine our splendid religious enthusiasms with a new, broad knowledge of scientific, economic and political forces.

"That's what I mean by saying that religion must *expand*. It must expand until it literally takes in everything. The great problem of Christianity after the war will be to restore to Christianity the concept of the religion of the whole man and the whole world and not merely a religion for those who are interested primarily in the world after death. I know there will be some folks who may be a bit startled by such a statement as this. But isn't it true that God is in this world, as well as in that? Isn't it true that God is all, and in all? That He is in everything? Can you look at a tree, at the humblest flower growing out of the meanest earth, and not think of Him who created it? God to me is in

every particle of matter, in every stick of wood and every bit of stone; every blade of grass, every tree, every animal reflects the divine. When you speak of the dirt of the earth you speak of a holy thing; the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground, for God is there. When you hold a kernel of wheat in the hollow of your hand you hold the very handiwork of God. Be most careful with it.

"Religion will have to go on from that to include men—all men, all over the earth, whatever their habits of life, whatever the pigments that chance or destiny or heredity or the Almighty have put



"WE SHALL NOBLY SAVE OR MEANLY  
LOSE THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH"



in their skins. We've been talking a lot about individualism in the past few years, but it may be time to remind ourselves that the only form of individualism which can possibly survive after the peace is that form which realizes that the fullest powers of man can be attained only in cooperation with or in service to his fellowman. We've been talking a lot about religion; it may be well to remind ourselves that no religion is worthy of the name until it leads those men who support it to serve their fellowmen, and to lift those who are less fortunate than they are.

"The times are ripe for a faith like that. For a faith that will glorify the commonplace, for a religion that will stand firmly for the whole life of man. It is time for us to realize that every minute of the day is a religious experience.

"I believe in prayer and preaching; I believe we need both now as we have never needed them before. I believe it is vital to the future of democracy and of the world that the ministers furnish a dynamo of spiritual zeal. We go to church to restore our spiritual storage-batteries—and then we are obligated to hook up that storage-battery to life. A religion that goes to its knees is a good religion, but a religion that stays forever on its knees accomplishes little; the religion that is translated into action for the common good is the religion that accomplishes the miracles. If Jesus Christ had

only prayed his years away, and not moved out to work his wonders among the common ones, we would never have heard of Him.

"And don't make the mistake, either, of thinking that I believe religion to be entirely a matter of Matthew 25:34-36. It is good religious practice to feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty and to clothe the naked. It is still better religion when men cooperate together to create an order of life in which nakedness, hunger and thirst become more and more impossible."

We were beginning to wonder what all this had to do with the tremendous revival of the missionary crusade. He explained what he meant by that:

"There are eight hundred million people in East Asia," he said, slowly, as though he were trying to realize what eight hundred million people would look like. "Eight hundred million! Nearly five hundred million of them live in China, where their average family income is *less than one hundred dollars per year*. Eighty per cent of the Chinese are living on twenty per cent of the land. Do you wonder they have famines? They haven't eaten enough, ever! And they haven't roads enough to get the food quickly from producer to consumer. China was making an amazing progress in road-building just as the war came to Cathay; the idea of those roads was to get that food there, quickly, cheaply.

"They have but a few acres of land per family, and little by little even that seems to get away from them. Which means that less and less food is grown, and famine creeps over the land. . . .

"Now just think of what a situation like that does to a nation's standard of living. Standards touch bottom! Unrest breeds despair and despair breeds revolution. If we don't step into that situation with our agricultural missions, someone else will step in with something worse—with Barbarism, Bolshevism or anarchy, for instance. Then where is your world peace?"

This was rather startling. Here was the Vice-President, whom we had expected to talk of peace in terms of what might happen in Europe and America, ignoring Europe and America as though it made not one particle of difference what happened there—and concentrating on *East Asia*! That's something to think about. He went on:

"What China needs is to recapture the old Confucian ideal of 'the constantly normal granary,' where a food supply for her people is guaranteed. I think the missionary must help with that. I think the agricultural missionary must go to teach them how to use that soil, how to get out of it all that can possibly be gotten out of it. I think the schoolteacher-missionary must go to teach these tremendous masses of people to read and write." (In India alone, only twelve per cent can read!) "And I think the whole East must be

(Continued on page 48)





## HIS SOUL HAS WINGS

*By Bessie Carroll Hicks*

"I knew that someday he would fly.  
I saw the triumph in his eye  
When, on his very first birthday  
He poised, arms lifted, searched the way  
From couch to chair—  
Then back from there.  
He did not seem to walk—he *flew*  
Those baby steps as if he knew  
He could not wait the usual way.  
He must begin that very day  
To climb up high.  
He *had* to fly!

"W hen he was four, he had a swing  
Made like a plane; a wooden thing  
With places where his feet and hands  
Could pump and guide to distant lands.  
His eyes met mine.  
'Twas in their shine  
I glimpsed his rapture, saw his thrill;  
Sensed his future, dauntless will.  
His childish universe was bound  
By clouds and air; the earth-caught ground  
Was not his place.  
He *must* have space!

"H e's flying now. He has his wings.  
And tho' they're clever, man-made things,  
He has another pair, bomb-proof—  
His soul's been growing *them* since youth.  
(I've watched them grow  
For years, you know.)  
Not feathered like the cherubim,  
But oh, so much a part of him!  
Not life nor death can stop his flight.  
His soul has wings into the night.  
Through dark—to dawn—  
He shall fly on!"

(This poem is dedicated to the men of the Air Corps—and to all men  
who fly in defense of their liberty and of the United Nations.)

Picture by Armstrong Roberts



The author who, though he cannot see, has discovered that he is far from helpless



Steps present no difficulty—he takes them with certainty

## I SPEAK FOR THE BLIND



He learned to read and write Braille and use the typewriter

By KARSTEN OHNSTAD

I WAS sixteen when my sight began to fade. My first reaction to the realization that I was going blind was that of fear. Into my mind crowded all the dread things which I had come to associate with blindness—the blind beggar on the street corner shut away in eternal darkness, the old man peddling brooms, stared at by everybody, dependent upon the charity of the few. In my fear I turned to God. Each day I prayed that my sight would not be taken from me, that I would not be condemned to blindness. But the world I had known grew more faded and blurred and the dark-

ness drew closer about me. I was bewildered, confused. As I sat alone in my room, I speculated upon my blindness. Like Job I wondered why this affliction was being brought upon me. Why was I being singled out? Why was I being allowed to go blind?

Then I began to reach for God in another way. I reached for His hand in my darkness, and I touched it, and I was lifted up and strengthened.

Gradually I became accustomed to blindness. My thoughts dwelt less and less upon it. As I puttered about the house I discovered that, even though I

could not see, I was not helpless. I could still do many things. I shined shoes, swept floors, made the beds, washed the dishes, scrubbed the porches, mowed the lawn, trimmed the hedge, took care of the chickens. I even rode the little neighbor boy's bicycle all around the lawn until I went too far and found myself sprawled in the middle of the prickly hedge.

At The School for the Blind, I found myself in a new world of activity. The other students, like myself, were blind, but they seemed no different from the boys and girls I had known back in public school. They were as happy and as capable in work and in play as anyone with normal sight. I resumed my



He even dials telephone numbers as accurately as anybody



"Too much overhead" on Main Street—awnings are the blind pedestrian's worst obstacle

Below, telling time with his educated fingertips



PICTURES FROM RUTH G. NELSON AND MAURICE FRINK, JR.

high school studies where I had left off two years before, in my junior year. I learned to read and write Braille, to use the typewriter. I played games with the other students, went skiing, skating, tobogganing. I played the trumpet in the band and orchestra, became a far better musician than I had ever been in public school. I took industrial work, I learned how to use tools in carpentry, made articles of furniture far better than anything I would have imagined myself capable of making when I could see. My hands and my mind were working together toward one goal—to make myself independent, capable of holding a job in competition with anyone, to make certain that I would not become a parasite, as I had dreaded.

In college I was back again in my old element. The other students, I was glad to find, soon forgot that I could not see and treated me as they treated each other. I lived with the other students, did the same work, met the same requirements. Like the other students, I wanted to find a place in the world that I could fill, a responsible job. My experiences had shown me that I was capable of living with other people professionally and socially. Some weeks before graduation, I joined two teacher's agencies and wrote many letters of application. *I did not receive a single reply.* One by one I saw my classmates get jobs, but my mail box remained empty. No school board, no high school superintendent considered me capable of holding a position.

I had worked on the college newspaper and literary magazine. My friends and I tried to persuade the editors of two small newspapers to give me a trial. No success. I asked authorities in charge of work for the blind if they knew of any openings, perhaps a civil service position. There were none. Realizing that a higher scholastic degree held the only hope of my ever getting anywhere, of living like other men, I went to the University of Iowa. A year later I had a book contract—the contract for *The World At My Fingertips*.

Friends of mine were more confident than I was that now I would find a job. "Your path will be easy from now on," they said. "Anybody who has written a book won't have any trouble finding a job."

But, even as they spoke, my name, my B.A. degree, my M.A. degree, and my book listed with the teacher's agency were being thoroughly and completely overlooked, even though there was a crying need for teachers all over the nation.

The Head of the University Department in which I studied took a realistic view of the situation. "High school superintendents and college presidents

would like to see you get a job," he said, "but they will leave the hiring to someone else."

I had directed my book at the American public. I still had that hope to go on. Their response, I quickly discovered, was far greater than anything I had ever dreamed of. Newspapers all over the country, metropolitan dailies and small town weeklies reviewed it and publicized it. The great radio networks featured it—CBS from Chicago, the Blue Network from New York. Nationally known periodicals told about it in words and in pictures—*Newsweek*, *Life*, *The Reader's Digest* condensation. Letters from readers poured in from every state in the Union, from Iceland, from the Aleutian Islands, from Guadalcanal.

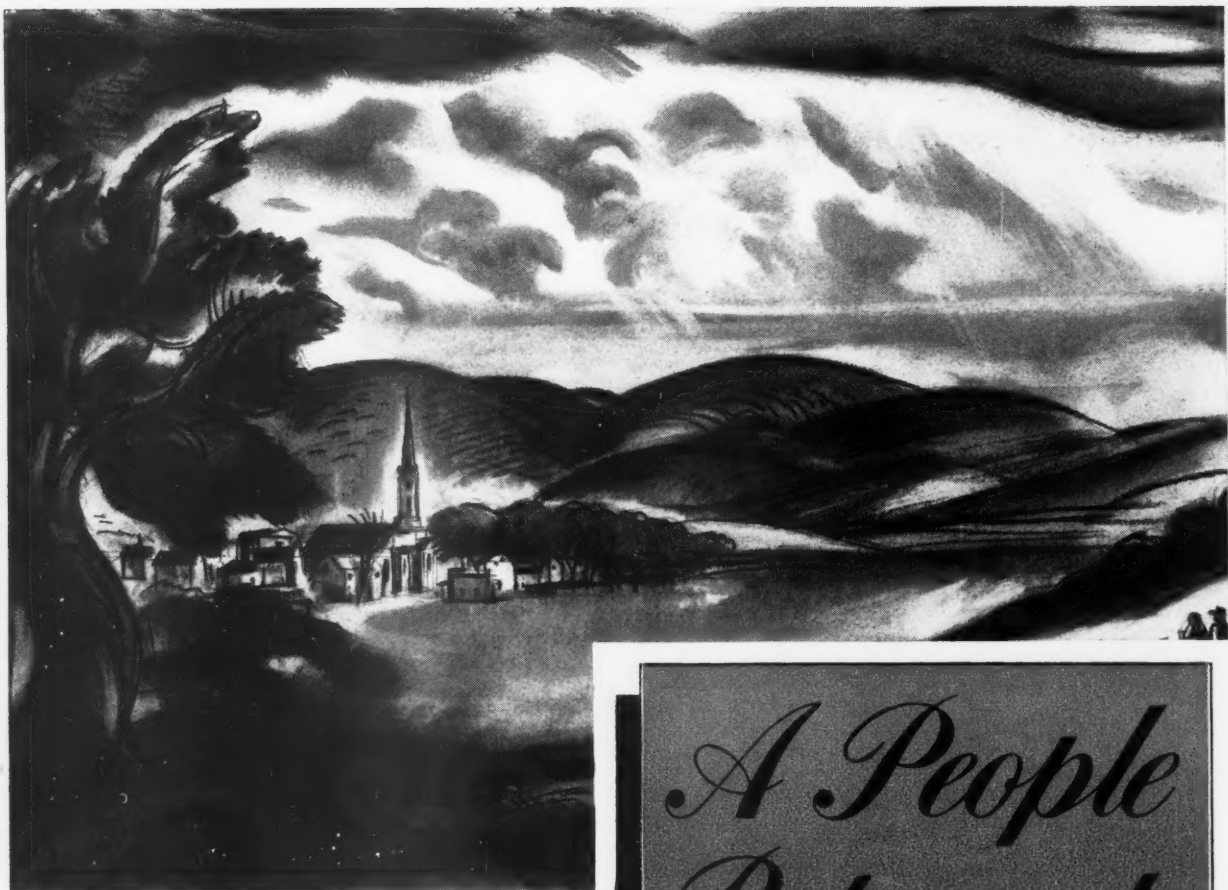
But what about the job? In the last chapter of my book I had stated my case, shown that I had the qualifications and the desire to teach in college. It is now more than half a year since the publication of *The World At My Finger Tips*. In all that time not one inquiry, not one offer of a teaching position has come. The public is interested, but the hiring, it seems, is being left "to someone else." An A.B. degree, an M.A. degree, a published book, national publicity, and still no offer of a position. That will give you some idea of what a blind person must face when trying to find employment.

Fortunately, however, opportunity came to me from an unexpected direction. Even before the book was completed, the head of a large lecture bureau granted me a lecture contract extending throughout the coming year. For a year I have security. That, however, does not solve the problem, for *The World At My Finger Tips* is not my story alone. On the contrary, it is the story of thousands of other employable blind persons, who, like myself, are striving to live, to free themselves from dependence and insecurity, to live as richly and fully as other men. In this country today there are more than forty thousand employable blind persons, but only a very few of them are employed.

Once, somewhere, I heard an ex-convict say that the toughest years for the convict were not those he spent in prison; then he had food, clothes and his Mutual Welfare League. The hardest years came when he walked out of prison a free man, anxious to make good, to reinstate himself in society as a good citizen. Then he found himself really up against it; he met an icy indifference to his good intentions, a cruel indifference to the fight he was putting up to go straight. That often crushed him, and drove him back to prison, where at least he had a few friends.

Well—we blind are no ex-convicts, but our experience is a lot like that. Our hardest years are not those in which we are learning to find our way around in the strange new dark world at our fingertips; then we (Continued on page 45)





ANY man who comes close to the American masses today knows that this nation is turning back to God. As a writer, editor, lecturer and radio commentator, I have found abundant and constantly increasing evidence of the return of prodigal America to the welcoming embrace of the Father.

Skepticism and scorn are going out of fashion. As the sergeant said to the major in the Philippines, "There were no atheists in the foxholes of Bataan."

We have lived through a strange transition in our history. After the last war we passed into an era of godlessness and into the mad pride of intellectuality. That was the great debunking period. Biographers in the twenties were writing books to prove that all our heroes had feet of clay. All of our beliefs were sent to the dry cleaner, and they came home full of holes. What began as an honest effort to be factual and realistic wound up in an orgy of detraction. When Cromwell sat for his portrait, he said, "Paint me with my warts," but the painters of character-portraits of post-war days made warts for warts' sake, with the human physiognomy only dimly to be seen behind the excrescence.

It was as if a family sat around the family dinner table, looked about them, and decided they were tired of looking at the wall-paper. So they decided to do away with it and get something new. Once started, they decided the furniture was old-fashioned, too, and bye and bye they decided the house itself was out-moded, so they tore it down. Then they stood, under the open sky, free people, emancipated at last from all the past. It was true, too, that they no longer had a roof over their heads. But they did not mind. They were free. Then it began to rain.

We called the rain "The Depression," and the flood was followed by the hurricane of war. Then the people needed shelter, and there was none; they had destroyed their spiritual

# A People Returns to GOD

*By Fulton Oursler*

home. All they had left was the old foundation, and on that, I believe, we are building anew, a house not made with hands, a refuge for the soul of man.

That house not made by hands is being built by faith. It rises on what we believe, and the foundation of it all is a belief in the goodness of God. That is the beginning of realistic living.

If we are to base our living on realities, then we have to begin by being realistic. We have to be very sure of those things we cannot believe in. Certainly, for example, we cannot deceive ourselves into believing that everything is going to come out all right by itself—that some way will be found, that things will shake themselves down and be normal again. We did not reach our prosperity by accident. We shall not get out of our present difficulties by wishing and hoping.

Another thing we cannot believe in is that our government, without our active, democratic interest and support, is going to somehow make everything all right. That, we should know by now, is an outrageous fallacy. No great leader is suddenly going to pull a rabbit out of a hat, or perform any other kind of

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miracle to save us from our own neglect of constitutional government. That will not happen.

More than anything else, I think we need to know that no man is a superman, and that we must put our trust, not in gaudy individual and exhibitionist leadership, but in a sound system of government. Europe is trusting everywhere in leadership—in the great man—and in Europe the people are suffering from war, famine and degradation.

And another thing we dare not believe in is the defeatism, the surrender of faith and will, that has turned the people of Germany and Italy and Russia and Japan into creatures little more than slaves. They were so discouraged that they said: "Away with it all. Let's disregard all the experiences of the past, bad and good. Let's get something new. Bolshevism! Fascism! Nazism!"

What do all these forms of national socialism mean? They mean that the people are creatures of the state, and the state is the master of the people. We Americans believe that the people are the masters of the state and the state is the servant of the people. If we ever stop believing that, we are through.

I cannot help recalling in this connection how the Jews came to Samuel and told him that they wanted a king because everybody else had a king. The Jews were doing fairly well in those days but this terrible principle of leadership, this idea of being under somebody, got hold of them. Samuel warned them that a king was a very dangerous person to hitch on to. He said to them:

"This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: he will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots.

"And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots.

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"And he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and to be cooks, and to be bakers.

"And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them and give them to his servants.

"And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.

"He will take the tenth of your sheep: and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you."

Samuel must have anticipated the coming of Hitler and Mussolini.

They who wanted a king were concerned with some overwhelming personality to lead them. They never realized that faith in themselves, in their own ideals of life, would lead them more surely.

I experienced something of the potency of faith once in a most startling episode. Just two weeks before the Japanese began their undeclared war on China, I spent a day with Madame Chiang Kai-shek in Shanghai. She told me how grateful China was for the lessons learned from the Occident. I asked her what she thought the new West could learn from the ancient East. She replied:

"You people need something you are willing to die for. You haven't got it. You once had it but you haven't got it any more. China has it. You will see when the time comes."

And I did see. We have all seen a real miracle of faith over mechanization. Fifty million Chinese who could have surrendered, trekking back into the interior, marching over deserts and mountains, barefoot and carrying their little possessions in their arms rather than not be free. Millions of them died, but they had something to die for.

What do we Americans have that is worth dying for? Well, we know now that we are willing to die, and that many Americans have died for a simple thing called freedom and another simple thing called decency.

Then what are the things in which we can believe? What is there in life to give us hope?

We can believe in an orderly universe and in a God who is its Governor, the Source of the human spirit.

We can believe in ourselves, in having been created by infinite wisdom and mercy, and in our capacity through faith and good will to make this a better world.

And we can believe in our Americanism as the finest expression of that capacity and that good will to make this a better world.

In this materialistic age, some people look startled when I tell them they can believe in God. They become suspicious of my intelligence. And others, less agnostic, become impatient. They think it sounds impractical to look upon God as a practical force in daily life.

Does the thought of believing in God seem so old-fashioned, and therefore outworn? Does it sound perhaps trite, like oft-repeated sermons? Yet the sun and moon come every day. They, too, are old-fashioned. But they are also eternal. They are symbols of the eternities which neither the wisdom of our politicians nor the materialism of our modern philosophers can ever make less true because they are everlasting.

If it sounds strange to the materialists when I say that we, as intelligent people, can believe in an orderly universe and in the great first cause which we call God, let me remind them that the skepticism of the last fifty years is itself undergoing change. From laboratories of the very scientists who have felt that their findings destroyed a faith in God, there is coming now a new affirmation of old gospel. Dr. Arthur Compton, the young physicist who won the Nobel prize, said not long ago: "Atoms, electrons, electricity, everything that a scientist touches, shows him that behind it is a great force, a causation, a giver of laws, a God."

And Dr. Robert Milliken, another Nobel prize winner, is reported to have said:

"Modern science is learning at last to walk humbly with its Creator."

(Continued on page 52)



The angel of the Lord cries through the Church to a war-torn world, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against them."



By

HENRY SMITH LEIPER

Secretary in America for the  
World Council of Churches

**D**EEPLY conscious of the tragedy and waste of war, the churches set their faces against it in the days of piping peace. Many Christians who saw only superficially the character of their world in those days of peace, took solemn pledges never again to countenance war. Serious educational efforts, made in all good faith by the churches, seeking to persuade youth, that no Christian could ever again, under any circumstances, engage in war. Resolutions of every sort were passed proclaiming war's sinfulness and clearly tending to commit the Church to a policy of non-cooperation, if not of outright opposition, in any war that might come in the future.

Then, suddenly, came the ferocious Hitler, his bloody aggressions and his boundless ambition for conquest. Those not close to what had been going on behind the scenes were stunned. At first they were unable and unwilling to believe the truth about Hitler, and his scheme of world domination. Sincere devotion to pacifism was widespread. The Church was unmilitant and intended to remain so.

Even those who were driven by their consciences to see in armed resistance the lesser of two evils felt—and continue to

## The Church is IN THE WAR

reel—the inconsistency of any action which could seem to imply that war as a method is Christlike. They were sure that the Church as such could not bless the war or participate officially in it. This led to many declarations, even by churchmen personally involved in war, that the Church was not *at* war. If the Church is truly one; if it is the body of Christ; if it is supranational—above race and clan—then it obviously cannot be at war.

Yet quite as obviously it was everywhere involved in war. By no possible effort, no matter how heroic or drastic, could the Church disassociate itself from the fact of war. All the more was this true when the Axis leaders began shouting in violent invective against the Church, its faith, and its purposes. It would indeed appear anomalous if loyal Christians should appear unconcerned when the plain purpose of Hitler is to prostitute or destroy the Church, first in his own land and then in every area blasted and blighted by his blitzkrieg!

This situation produced earnest debate—a debate not yet ended in America—as to whether the Church was or was not involved in the war; whether this particular struggle was or was not a "holy" war; whether the leadership of the Church should or should not take sides in the moral combat involved—in the war of ideas behind the war of guns and tanks and bombers.

This debate of yesterday has been rendered rather unreal and futile by the events of today. I do not propose to reopen it. I only mention it as a fact of recent experience. Whatever the answer given to the question: "Can the Church as the Church be *at* war?" the plain evidence of our senses shows that the Church as a body of people is *in* the war. My good friend, the Editor of the *Christian Herald*, knowing of my intimate contact with the Church in many lands, has asked me to tell how the

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Church is involved in the present world-wide struggle. I shall not, therefore, debate but report.

The first observation one must make is obvious. Most of the members and leaders of all the churches the world over are in the war as citizens of belligerent powers. Many of those who are pacifists and eager to practice non-resistance tend to help the enemies of their homelands whether they will to do so or not. To that extent they, too, are in the war. Even those who have gone to prison are in it negatively. Suicide would be their only escape; modern industrialized "total" war involves the whole of a nation's manpower and resources.

Since members of the Churches are enrolled in the armed forces, since other members are in the governments which direct the forces, and since the money to finance the war comes in considerable measure out of Christian pockets, one must mention these things as indicative of an involvement which cannot be ignored, whatever our theories. But in these matters the involvement may be correctly said to be that of citizens and not of church members as church members.

What are the ways in which the Church itself as such comes into the picture? It does so in prayer. Whether or not one feels it right to pray for the victory of one's own nation—rather than for the accomplishment of God's purposes, whatever they may involve—one knows that a great volume of prayer is rising daily from the churches of the world to the Righteous Judge of all the earth. And it is prayer that concerns the war—prayer for those who fight, those who suffer, those who must take life, and those who lay it down.



**T**HE pulpit comes into this picture inevitably. No matter how hard the preacher may try, he cannot—and should not—preach as if the world were not involved in this gigantic tragedy. A recent study made by the staff of the Federal Council in America and of the World Council in Geneva of preaching in war time shows that there is a great deal of very helpful and intelligent preaching being done which bolsters the courage and faith of the world's hard pressed millions. In Holland and other areas under Nazi control the choice of texts is highly significant—and if it were not so serious a matter would be amusing for its clever imitation of the methods followed by the preachers of the time of the Roman persecutions. Here are some of those which have been used of late: "He shall save the children of the needy, and break in pieces the oppressor." "And he saved them from the hand of him that hated them." "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Despite the advertised intention of some ministers to avoid all implications of the war in their preaching, most of the pulpits of the Churches reflect the general concern and their occupants seek to help the eager minds of their congregations in the search for spiritual comfort and inspiration.

The Church comes into the war as a servant of those who serve. In every army of the nations which permit it, the Church has sent her chaplains to serve with the armies, navies and air forces. Having seen many of them at their work on both sides of the Atlantic, I can testify that to a degree that is highly gratifying they are serving not Caesar but Christ. It may not be symptomatic, but it is certainly interesting that the great Doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," was written by an early chaplain of the British navy. It is most impressive that the greatest mortality of any branch of the fighting services of Britain (as of America) in this, as in the last war, has been among the chaplains. To what degree that same thing holds true in other armies and navies I cannot say; but I suspect it may be true in other lands as well, considering the nature of the work a chaplain on active duty has to perform.

In Britain and America, to take the two examples closest to most of us, the churches are directly involved in the selection

and training of these chaplains. In both nations appropriate commissions deal with the matter under official direction of the various denominations. Here, the Federal Council of Churches comes into the picture through its general Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains. The task is important and is carried on conscientiously and faithfully by devoted Christian men. It is true that the salaries of chaplains are not paid by the churches; government makes itself responsible here. This is true even in the British navy where chaplains do not have any rank or wear any uniform but are regarded as parish ministers—each ship being a parish. But careful inquiry reveals the fact that the real direction of the spiritual work of the chaplain lies not with the government but with the Church. In recent months special efforts have been made by many of the churches to establish closer relations between these men whose task is so difficult and so important, and the denominations of which they are ministers.

It would be a serious omission to pass by the work of the chaplains and relief workers for prisoners of war. This ought to be obvious to anyone who knows that already there are six million men in the category "prisoner-of-war." In their interest, the churches, through the Geneva office of the World Council of Churches, by means of the Ecumenical Commission for Chaplaincy Service to Prisoners of War, secures service from ministers of neutral lands and seeks to supply equipment of sacramental symbols, hymnals, Bibles, and other things needed for the maintenance of religious worship. Needless to say, the service does not stop with this and cooperation is given through other agencies of Christian brotherliness, such as the Y.M.C.A., in efforts to supply the educational and recreational needs of the prisoners. Indeed the "Y" carries the biggest load of responsibility in this area. Only those who remember the work done among prisoners of war from 1914 to 1918 can fully appreciate how important this is for the future. The service is rendered in the name of the united churches and stresses not denominationalism but the ecumenical—i.e., universal, interdenominational, international, interracial all-inclusive—Christian fellowship around the world. This is significant for the future and means the building up of a habit of thought which may serve to cure some of the ancient wounds of the divided Church. The story of the way in which congregations have grown up in the camps is one which cannot now be told in detail, but it will some day surprise those who think that privation and hardship kill human faith or drive men into despair. One of the most amazing chapters of this story has to do with procuring and distributing more than 120,000 Russian Bibles for Russian prisoners of war. This the World Council office was able to do through the generous support of the American Bible Society. One of my colleagues reported to me in England—having himself just come from the Continent—that great eagerness was shown by the boys from the Communist army for a chance to read a Bible! When prayer books were provided in limited quantities, the men cut pages from them and each put a page of the prayer book in his tunic next to his heart. Superstition? It hardly seems fair to call it that. The wonder is that they knew what a prayer book was and had a sense of its sacred value!



**T**HROUGH the Christian Commission for Camp and Defense Communities, a new arm of the cooperative agencies of the American churches, a special guidance and leadership is being provided churches in the neighborhoods of the more than 400 camps and army posts. This program includes the cooperation of the churches with the U. S. O. It seeks to assure wholesome conditions for the physical and spiritual health of the men who are on leave from their camps. It is tackling a gigantic problem which has been created almost overnight by the assembling in huge cantonments of millions



of "uprooted" young men. Many of the churches in the vicinities of these areas are small struggling churches with little or no staff or equipment. The first answer to the need is a new kind of cooperation, and this has been forthcoming in the main in communities where there are strong local councils of churches accustomed to working together.



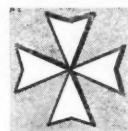
**T**REMENDOUS things have happened to the Church in our war-torn world, but few things are more impressive than what has happened to the missionary enterprise; and what has been done by the churches to meet the emergency. More than 3,500 missionaries of continental churches were cut off from home support by the second year of the war. Thanks to its bitter anti-Christian character, the Nazi regime had at all times frowned upon missionary work. Hitler wrote in "Mein Kampf" that one of the best evidences of the wholly useless character of Christianity was its concern for primitive peoples. To try to educate an African native was, he said, "like trying to make a lawyer out of a half-ape." With such views, he could hardly be expected to favor the carrying forward of missionary work either by the German churches or by the churches of conquered lands. Every barrier imaginable has in fact been erected to the maintenance of the work. But the International Missionary Council, which bands together over 180 missionary boards and societies in America with similar agencies in all lands that send missionaries and with the younger churches in lands to which the missionaries go, stepped into the picture. Soon it had rallied the churches of Great Britain, Switzerland, Sweden, the still free Dutch Dominions, and America to the support of the "orphaned" missions. (Madame Chiang would call them "warphans"—short for war orphans.) The result of the magnificent work of Dr. Warnshuis, Dr. Paton, and others of the International Missionary Council staff, and of the generous giving of the Christian people, has been the saving of most of the missions and the keeping at work of most of the missionaries. When one realizes that more than 80 per cent of Lutheranism—the largest single Protestant body in the world (despite its inner divisions it is essentially one main branch of the total Christian family)—is under the rule of Adolf Hitler, the importance of this cooperative help is manifest. And it should be added that the greatest bulk of financial support for the undertaking came from the Lutherans of America who are still carrying on their giving to this cause.

But not only European missionaries have been involved. When Japan began her treacherous Pacific drives more than 1,200 American missionaries were caught in various parts of the East. For them the Church is concerned and through the International Missionary Council once again it has been possible to get aid to them. In this the consulates of the small neutral lands have been of immense service.

There is quite another aspect of the wartime involvement of the Christian churches. I have just seen it in England. It has to do with caring for the victims of air raids. Magnificent as are the efforts made by government to meet the physical need of war's victims, there are types of service which can only be rendered by the Church. In air raid shelters, in the areas prepared to receive bombed-out families, in hospitals, and in first-aid stations, the ministers and other workers are busy bringing to frightened, wounded, and often tragically bereaved persons the comfort and consolation of the Gospel which Jesus said was for the "poor." When one sees this beautiful service rendered with such good humor, and such quiet effectiveness and tireless patience, one is reminded of the excellent French rendering of the Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The French is, "Blessed are the debonnaire!" Only recently I was shown by the Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, the work that has been done in the crypt of his ancient church all through the war period. It is but a symbol

and example of what has happened wherever the tragedy and torment of Mars has fallen. No story of the Church in wartime would be complete without this chapter—and when it is written it will be filled with pathos as well as with nobility and inspiration. No wonder the padre and the minister have come to have a new place of respect in the areas most badly knocked about. They could have fled but they did not, and they will not flee. Only the hireling flee-eth; and they labor not for reward but for the love of their fellows, whom they succor in Christ's name.

Less easy to describe is the part the Church plays in resistance to the mad forces bent on destroying liberty and enslaving whole peoples. It is not by accident that the Church is the center of resistance. Name any one of the twenty nations where freedom has been attacked by the Axis powers and he who knows the history of the last few years can tell you what churchmen—Catholic or Protestant as the case may be—have come to the fore as the recognized leaders of the dauntless opposition. The story is not as widely known as it should be, although almost all newspaper readers at least know the names of Martin Niemöller, Cardinal Faulhaber, Bishop von Galen, and Bishop Berggrav. When my own great uncle wrote "America," he penned the line which we so often thoughtlessly sing—or more thoughtlessly forget—"Our Fathers' God to Thee—Author of Liberty—to Thee we sing!" Apart from the worship of the one true God, there is no liberty. And the Church of our time—more beset and more persecuted than at any period in its long history—is the natural champion of man's right not only to worship but likewise to serve the purposes of the God who made man in his own image and endowed him with free will. The testimony of Dr. Einstein at this point is worth noting. He long ago pointed out that when every other agency in Germany bowed to the will of Hitler, the Church stood its ground—in the persons of its most trusted leaders—and said "NO"! It is significant too that the last sermon of Martin Niemöller, preached just before his arrest in Dahlem, Berlin, was devoted to the thesis that the Nazis were fighting against God. He knew it then. Many seemed not then to know it, but they have found it out to their sorrow since!



**F**ROM the fact that the Church has been compelled to take up the spiritual battle of liberty against those who would utterly destroy and annul it, there has grown another task. That is the interpretation of the spiritual issues of the raging conflict which has steadily expanded until the whole earth has come under the dark war clouds. This chapter contains many pages that make sad reading. Only a small minority of the leaders of the churches from the first saw clearly the nature of the crisis which enabled Hitler and Hirohito to challenge the contemporary world. Most of them were living in an unreal world produced by wishful thinking. This was conspicuously true in Germany where even such men as Martin Niemöller at first welcomed Hitler's program and gave it their passive if not active support. This I know not from hearsay but from annual visits to the Reich through the days of the rise of Nazism and for few years after Hitler came to power. Even in the face of the clear evidence that piled up on every side, many Christians failed, as some still fail, to see that the conflict was no mere clash of political or economic empires.

Now that what was hidden has become increasingly manifest, there is less disposition to believe that the old categories of thought apply. Not since the days of the Mohammedan invasion of Europe have the same things been at stake as are at stake in the present conflict. And as Dr. Karl Barth has been pointing out through the years since the rise of Hitler, if the Church felt under obligation to oppose Mohammed it is under like obligation to oppose his modern counterpart. And the challenge is more deadly than his was, since the modern scientific world provides a tyrant with (Continued on page 49)



THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF ALLIED YOUTH TALKS STRAIGHT ABOUT YOUTH AND ALCOHOL—AND RESTORES YOUR CONFIDENCE IN YOUTH

## Must Youth Drink

**Y**OUTH is having more and more to do that they didn't expect to do, now that we are at war. Young people know now that they are no longer foot-loose and fancy free to do as they please. They know that they are under obligation to be ready, and fit—physically, mentally, and spiritually, to make their best contribution toward this venture on which America has embarked.

Jack Kelly, famous athlete of another day, appointed by the President to be in charge of the health end of our defense program, said: "American young people have gone soft!" Well, that may be, but I would never consent to singling out young people and saying they are soft, unless you include some of the others. Kelly said, "There is too much drinking and carousing on the part of American youth." He said they were so dumb that they went to parties at eleven o'clock at night. Then he said, "Half of those called in the draft will be found physically disqualified." I thought he had guessed too high, but his statement has been confirmed by the President.

We come to the close of more than twenty years of a physical education program in our public schools, and we

TO HAVE A  
GOOD TIME

?

By W. Roy Breg

Executive Secretary, Allied Youth

need manpower—how we need it! And we do not have that power.

Joe Clark, a high school senior in Kentucky, drove me twenty-seven miles from one high school to another last fall. We came to Madisonville, where Joe, two of his friends, and I went in to buy lunch. Joe ordered a soft drink. I thought nothing of it, until he remarked, "I'm breaking training." I have nothing against soft drinks, but Joe's coach did—Joe played on the football team. But Joe was twenty-seven miles away from the coach and the team, and the student body. He has an unfortunate attitude, which is this: "If I can get away with it, it's all right." Joe represents a mi-

nority of young people who, when they get out of sight of the coach and their parents, think it's "all right if they can get by."

I am not so much concerned about the football players; my real concern is for the crowd of students and adults who sit in the stands and demand one thing for the team and another thing for themselves.

We know in America that, unless we can build self-restraint and self-discipline on the part of youth, the outlook for all of us isn't too good. We can never in a lifetime build enough laws, establish enough police power or enough adult authority to compel young people to do what they *ought* to do. But if we can help young people to build a way of self-restraint and self-discipline—those controls that come voluntarily from within—then we have a right to look confidently to the future.

That's what Allied Youth is organized to do. Allied Youth is an organization dedicated to this platform: "We stand for the liberation through education of the individual and society from the handicaps of beverage alcohol." And as Executive Sec—(Continued on page 53)



PICTURE BY THOMAS SATTERWHITE NOBLE

# Salem Witch-hunters as PATRON SAINTS



By  
*Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

**M**Y FOLKS brought me up to believe that it is never too late to admit that a mistake has been made, and that until the admission of error has been heard, there is no such thing as making it too often. It was not enough, my elders used to tell me with some righteous fierceness, to mumble inaudibly, under by breath, "I'm sorry"—and let it go at that. "Speak up so you can be heard!", they said, "or you can't claim you've said anything."

On this principle, I propose to speak up on the subject of the Salem witchcraft trials. First of all, a statement of what probably, if you are like most Americans and have not recently thought about that dark episode, comes in to your mind when somebody mentions it. At least the following items are what

CHRISTIAN HERALD



*Mrs. Fisher's picture of the otherwise splendid Salemites who turned witch hunters is filled with meaning for those of us who are tempted to become witch-hunters today*

would be found in the minds of most of us: a reign of terror; a whole town swept as by fire by incredible, unheard-of hysteria; savagely bigoted, life-hating. Puritans driven to murderous insanity by their creed of repression of all warm, generous, human instincts; people burned at the stake with spectators (in black capes, high-crowned black hats, long sickly-white faces and eyes blazing in fanaticism) gloating over their torture; the whole, driving home once again the idea that Puritanism was a horror, which brought out the worst in human nature. Isn't that, more or less, what a mention of the Salem episode brings up to the minds of most Americans, who are not specially informed? Well, until that picture is changed we can't say "I'm sorry!" too often, or too clearly—not at all for the sake of the people of Salem, Massachusetts, of two hundred and fifty years ago, nor even for the general cleansing of our own hearts and minds of a gross injustice; but because the story has in it the clearest moral lesson for us today: also the highest inspiration for us to learn that lesson and to live up to a noble example.

Here, briefly is the historical background about which our American school history textbooks rarely inform their young readers; belief in witchcraft had been universal all over Europe from Roman times on. It is now thought by many historians that the triumphant spread of Christianity in Europe in early and medieval days drove the religious "conservatives" (those who still went on believing in the faith of their fathers, namely paganism), under cover, and warped what was left of the "old-time religion" into a dark, secret, belief in magic powers not recognized by Christianity. As the Christian Church grew more powerful, more universally recognized, its determination grew stronger to stamp out whatever opposition to the orthodox faith might exist. In 1484 a Papal Bull (an edict of the most final and unquestionable authority at that date) was issued

by Pope Innocent ordering the arrest of persons suspected of witchcraft. This crystallized into formal legalized activity the widespread general belief in sorcery. Here are a few factual statements of what followed, scattering, taken almost at random from the record. *Do not skip them*, even though they have historical dates. They have a real bearing on your own personal conduct in this year of 1942. The Bull was issued in 1484. Immediately witchcraft trials began, all over Europe and the British Isles, with all the ponderous weight of legal procedure. In 1485 in the town of Burla forty-one old women were burned alive. In Geneva, Switzerland, in the one year of 1515 five hundred people were tried, condemned and executed for witchcraft.

In Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1597 twenty-four persons were burned for witchcraft. In the same town in 1617 twenty-seven women were burned to death as witches. One judge (a specialist in witchcraft trials) in the fine, prosperous city of Nancy boasted of having put to death eight hundred people in six years. At Toulouse—another large urban center of the time—four hundred people accused of witchcraft were executed on the same day. Seven thousand people were legally killed in the city of Treves on this charge.

In England and Scotland (from which our American colonists came) there was from 1660 for ten years a great increase in the number of trials and executions for witchcraft. The few people who openly disbelieved in witchcraft were labeled as atheists. If you believed in God and in the Bible, of course you believed in killing witches. Was it not written down in Exodus XXI-18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." How were you going to get around that plain exhortation to duty? It is hardly necessary to say that of course accusations of witchcraft are known to have been often made as a method of confiscating the property of the rich, or of getting even with a personal enemy. Anybody with any knowledge of the sordid aspects of human nature would know this, without being told.

Now move across the Atlantic with the men and women of the 1600's who had been born and brought up—every one of them without exception, for there were no exceptions—in countries where nobody but those considered irreligious atheists, doubted the reality and the widespread practice of witchcraft. They brought along, as a matter of course, and as a legal necessity, the legal system of the Old Countries—how else? William Penn, the enlightened Quaker, presided in person over the trial for witchcraft of two Swedish women. In Virginia as late as 1706, in North Carolina as late as 1712, there were cases of witchcraft persecution. In Boston as early as 1648 a woman was executed as a witch, and in 1688 another woman was killed in Boston on the same charge.

Four years after this, in 1692, in Salem Village, now Danvers, Massachusetts, accusations of witchcraft were made, exactly as they had been and were being made at that time all over Europe, England and Scotland. A special court was appointed by the governor (again precisely as was done everywhere in all parts of what then called itself the civilized world) to

look into this. And between May and September several hundred persons were arrested and many imprisoned. Of these, nineteen were hanged. (Thirty-one were hanged or burned in lynchings between 1920 and 1929.)

No one was burned. No one (except in the atrocious black tragedies of lynchings) has ever been burned in our country.

So far, the story, dreadful as it is, is exactly like what was happening on a much greater scale everywhere in the Protestant and Roman Catholic world at that time. Puritanism had no more to do with it, than with the belief that shutting a person sick of tuberculosis up in a hot, closed room tightly sealed from fresh air was the best way to cure him. The fact was simply that Salem, Massachusetts (along with Virginia, Connecticut, England, Pennsylvania, France, Scotland, Germany and where you will), firmly held a belief that had no basis in fact.

But the inhabitants of the little raw frontier village of Salem did something entirely different from what was ever done by all the hundreds of thousands of other people of their time who acted as they did: they realized that they were mistaken, and that due to that mistake, they had caused suffering to innocent people. And realizing (*Continued on page 52*)



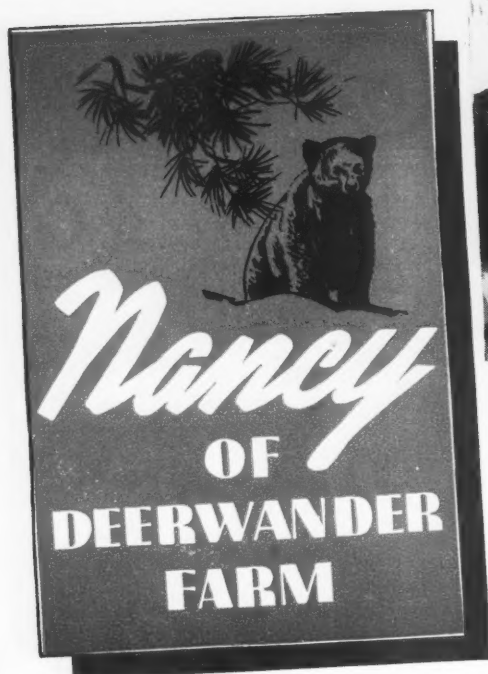
CHURCH

MONEY

HERE IS THE RECIPE FOR MAKING MONEY FOR  
YOUR CHURCH IN WARTIME AND AIDING NATIONAL  
DEFENSE IN A PRACTICAL AND INTERESTING WAY

Illustrator HENRY  
LUHRS

PART ONE of a new serial — the story of a brave girl, of some simple New England country people and their joys and sorrows, their loves and friendships, their struggles and disappointments, and their final triumphs—in which Nancy wins over all obstacles, and finds happiness by helping others



By AGNES BARDEN DUSTEN



"I COULDN'T, Aunt Roxa! I—just couldn't!"

Nancy Hartwell hastily locked the worn trunk she had packed and slipped the key into her pocket. She faced the angular woman before her with desperate determination. "You've sold everything else that made home for us, but father"—her voice wavered uncontrollably—"father loved his books and his flute and I couldn't bear to—to have them go to strangers. I must have something—"

The woman's sallow face reddened with vexation. "You needn't think I'm going to have my house littered up with such trash," she snorted. "With your keep to earn there'll be no mooning over books, I can tell you, or everlastingly tooting that battered old flute, either. Ransom down at the second-hand store said he'd give twenty dollars for it, and I think that's fair enough."

"You would," was the answer wrung from Nancy in bitterness of spirit.

"None of that Hartwell impertinence," Aunt Roxa snapped. "Not that I expect any gratitude for raking together every cent possible to pay your father's debts. If he'd worked as hard as I have all my life, instead of being an underpaid school

teacher, I wouldn't have to take on the support of three penniless orphans now he's gone. I do it for the sake of the speech of people, being your mother's sister and the only relative you've got in the world who can lift a finger to help, and not because I had any liking for Paul Hartwell, for I never did. And as far as common sense goes, you are your father's own daughter." With an exasperated sniff, Aunt Roxa marched out of the room.

Nancy sat forlornly upon the trunk, hot resentment in her heart at the injustice to her beloved father. Illness and misfortune had been responsible for the debts, and not idleness or irresponsibility, as Aunt Roxa well knew. April sunshine touched the girl's bowed head and brought out the red in the brown braids that were wound about her head in a coronet. Her father had said her hair was the color of a ripe chestnut; and to please him she had never had it cut. The braids suited Nancy, with her resolute chin and wide gray eyes, far better than would have the fluffiest of curls.

With a sigh, Nancy looked sadly about the cottage chamber which had been her own pleasant room for nearly all of her sixteen years. The treasured furnishings it had contained—the maple desk her father had given her on her last birthday, the Martha Washington sewing-cabinet, the little birch rocker, the old-fashioned bureau with its tall mirror which had been her mother's—had gone at the auction with all the other familiar household things. Even the beds and dishes they were now using were owned by the man who had bought the cottage



Nancy played on, and soon more gentle forest folk were gliding through the moonlight in graceful evolutions

and loaned them for a few days until Aunt Roxa was ready to leave. A great wave of homesickness swept Nancy, and her grave eyes clouded with the uncertainties and perplexities of the future; but there was an inner strength about her, a way of courage, that promised steadiness and calmness in the facing of the problems before her.

Sturdy little feet came stumping up the uncarpeted stairs, the knob of the closed door rattled, and an imperious childish voice demanded, "I wants to come in."

Nancy opened the door to Penny, her chubby four-year-old sister.

"Aunt Roxa said for Lynneth to put me to bed for a nap, but I can put my own self to bed," declared that independent little person. She hastily clambered on Nancy's bed, tugged off her stubby shoes, and with a gleeful chuckle keeled over, clasped pudgy hands over a rotund little stomach, squeezing mischievous brown eyes tightly shut in pretended sleep, as sister Lynneth came searching for the truant.

"Nance, Aunt Roxa wants you to go on an errand to the store for her," Lynneth said. It came sharply to Nancy that it was not sturdy Penny but Lynneth, whose sensitive little pointed face was framed in soft yellow hair and whose blue eyes often held a look of fear, that was her great responsibility.

In all her twelve years until now Lynneth had never known anything but consideration and kindness, for though their mother had died at Penny's birth, the children had had the care of a wise and tender father. Now that father had gone from them, suddenly, after a heart attack, and Aunt Roxa had

come with her harsh ways and sharp speech, the world had all at once grown a frightening place to timid Lynneth.

Nancy placed a comforting arm around the slender shoulders. "I'll take care of you, so don't fret," she cheered her little sister as well as she was able, not at all certain of what the new life that lay before them held. Shooing her sisters from the room, Nancy locked the door, and slowly descended the stairs.

"You run up to the store," directed Aunt Roxa, "and fetch me a can of soup and a bar of soap."

At the top of the hilly village street Nancy passed the gray stone Meadville high school, where her father had taught mathematics, and she herself had spent nearly two happy years of study.

She hurried on down the slope to the one general store, which dispensed groceries, dry goods and hardware; and which also housed the post office. The somnolent quiet that drowsed in the elm-shaded streets of the New Hampshire village of Meadville, nestled at the foot of Deerwander Mountain, was unbroken by screech of engine or thunder of passing train. Every day at four o'clock a covered motor truck, from the town of Hillston, a dozen miles down the valley, brought passengers, mail and freight, its advent heralding the most exciting hour in the calm calendar of Meadville's daily events.

At the door of the store Nancy, having secured her purchases, nearly collided with a girl about to enter.

"Elva! Is Uncle Nathan here?" Nancy exclaimed delightedly. "I'm so glad to see you."

Uncle Nathan, an older brother of her father, was a great





Uncle Nathan sat forlornly in the midst of the bleak confusion of his household goods

favorite with Nancy, who had always loved her visits at the Hartwell homestead on Deerwander Mountain, about two miles from Meadville.

Elva was Uncle Nathan's orphan granddaughter, whose home had been with her grandfather Hartwell and his wife Emeline since babyhood. Elva was now, since the death of her grandmother the year before, the only one of his kin to whom her grandfather could look for comfort and companionship.

"I was going to your house this afternoon if I found a spare minute," her cousin Elva answered importantly. "I've been so busy getting my clothes ready and everything settled before the spring term begins. I'm going to have a room and pay board at Mrs. Evans' boarding-house. My room is almost big enough to turn around in."

"Your—room?" stammered Nancy.

"Isn't it exciting?" Elva laughed. "I have my own money, you know." She went on talking very fast. The April sun brightened the flaxen hair which had just received a permanent. Nancy knew of old a certain unyielding set of the round chin.

"But—but Elva, you don't mean you have left the farm for good?" stuttered Nancy incredulously. "Why, who—where is your grandfather? You aren't going to leave him up there alone?"

"Of course not. Now don't make a fuss!" exclaimed Elva impatiently. "Didn't I tell you I had been arranging things? Grandfather has gone to live with the Gosses. He's been there a week."

"Oh, no!" Nancy gulped in utter consternation, "he couldn't! Why, you know

he could never live there with Amanda Goss—not with that bad-tempered woman! And he thinks the world and all of his old farm-home, Uncle Nathan does."

"He'll get on all right and won't have a chore of work to do unless he wants to," Elva said. "

"Did Uncle Nathan have to go there?" Nancy asked in a hushed voice.

"Of course he did," Elva answered readily. "We've been pinching along on almost nothing lately. Gramp had to sell the last of the cattle, except Sukey the cow, to pay Gram's doctor's bills. There is really nothing left on the old farm. The taxes haven't even been paid for last year. I have only a few hundred dollars mother left me for my education. There's no use in letting that little be eaten up by taxes and grocery bills for the sake of staying up on that old mountain a few years longer."

"But it's your home!" Nancy tried to wink her eyes clear. "And we've had such good times there with Uncle Nathan and Aunt Emeline. They were always so good to us all!"

"Do you think it's been pleasant for me, scrimping along, plodding down here two miles through mud and snow to high school, with all the other students making fun of my frowsy looks and thick shoes?" demanded Elva. "I don't, and I'm not going to endure it. When I'm a teacher with a good salary, I'll help Gramp if he needs anything. The Gosses take over the farm and it will pay for his keep, all right."

"What in tunket is the matter?" exclaimed startled Aunt Roxa as Nancy

silently handed her the package. "You're white as a piller-case."

"How could she—leave him—all alone—and he thinks everything of Elva!" Nancy winked back her tears.

"Well, old folks can't expect to have things as they're used to having them," Aunt Roxa said in a milder tone than usual. "He grew up on that farm of his, and seemed to grow into it, someway. It'll be hard on him to live anywhere else—too hard, I reckon. It's true that we never know what'll happen next."

"Uncle Nathan used to say there was nothing too good to happen," Nancy said in a choked voice. "I do want to see him."

"I suppose it's only decent for you to say good-by to him," Aunt Roxa conceded. "You might as well go this afternoon, I guess. Mind you get home before dark."

Nancy slipped upstairs and tucked her flute-case under her arm before she left, for she knew how much Uncle Nathan liked her music. She hurried out of the village and climbed the narrow ledgy road that led up Deerwander Mountain, the rugged peak that towered high above the green hills that surrounded Meadville. The lower slopes of the mountain were broken up into farms, and one of the oldest of these was owned by her Uncle Nathan.

Half a mile above the village, Nancy turned into the dooryard of a little old red farm-house with blackened shingles curling on its roof. It was the home of Amanda and Peter Goss. Two shouting and untidy children were chasing an

(Continued on page 54)



BEATRICE PLUMB AND HER CLASS OF GIRLS. MISS PLUMB—CENTER—LOOKS LIKE A GIRL HERSELF

## Wishing You a Gallant New Year

BY

BEATRICE PLUMB

**W**E WERE dining out the evening when the news about Pearl Harbor crashed upon our pleasant table.

When we entered the rambling dining room built over the river that rippled with a rainbow of reflected lights, all was as before. There was the usual blend of soft laughter, voices and music; the usual flowers and smiles. Of course there was a war on, but it was still a foreign war, and a long way off.

Then something happened to the service. The waitress brought me coffee instead of tea. Her hand shook so that she spilled it on my dress.

"It doesn't matter—" I was smiling up at her, when I suddenly stopped. She was crying. She darted back into the kitchen. I could hear muffled sobs from back there, a sharp reprimand, a rising surge of voices.

"Something's happened to Alice!" I worried to Dr. Edwards. "They all seem upset in the kitchen."

"A strike, probably," he said. "How's the turkey?"

But there was tension in the air. Apprehension grew in me. I searched the

faces of the other waitresses, of the manager. Their smiles were hollow masks.

Then a big man came blundering in, with a newspaper "Extra"—and the black headlines told us the electrifying news. "Japs Attack Pearl Harbor!"

"It's a lie," said the man at the next table. "A newspaper lie!"

Something happened to Alice? Something had happened to all America, to the world! I sat there dazed by the immensity of the thing—and all it meant.

"Let's go!" snapped the doctor.

We drove the twenty miles home in a funeral silence. Twice the doctor spoke, once to say, with bitter humor, "I said it was a strike"—then, "They always need army surgeons—"

"Drop me at the church," I said. He gave a hard little laugh. "You can't pray *this* off," he sneered. "This is war!"

I was late. As I reached the doorway, the black night at my back, the bright

altar candles before me, the stirring words of a prayer, each weighted with deep solemnity, stayed my feet.

Facing the altar, the Pastor was beseeching the Lord of Hosts for Unity . . . Unity throughout the land in this her hour of need.

It was the position and gesture he used when asking God's blessing on the offering. And now the words of the offertory prayer came ringing in my soul with a new, deep significance, "We give Thee but Thine own, Whate'er the gift may be—" Even the gift of life, itself.

War was at our doorstep at last, and as the little church rang with patriotic hymns, it seemed to square its shoulders. We had pledged allegiance to the Flag beside our altar many times in the past, but never as we did now, with voices shaken and thick with emotion—"One nation, indivisible"—and with eyes that went from the Flag to the Cross.

That was the Sunday of the Mountain Top. Then came the morning after, when we came down to earth, and began to look at it the way the doctor did. *This* was war! You couldn't pray it off. You couldn't sing it off. Even my Sunday

school girls said, "Why pretend? It can't be Christmas—now!"

"The candles?" I faltered. "Can't we have our candlelight services—for Christmas Dawn and New Year's Eve?"

For months one of our church workmen had devoted every precious spare minute to making hammered brass candleabra for our candlelight services. We'd always wanted them. They were to go clear down the aisles, and curve around the choirs to the altar. Most of them were already made, stored in all their shining newness for the great day.

"The lights are out!" flatly decreed the Brotherhood president who was also an air raid warden. "So's the Christmas tree. Candles and blackouts don't go together!"

"And no angels!" said a sensible Ladies' Aider. "Or that Manger Scene, with the spot-light on it—the Peace on Earth tableau."

I gave a deep sigh for my Madonna. There would be no room for her.

On Pearl Harbor Sunday, the garage in which I taught my class of girls had been strewn with cheesecloth wings and tinsel stars. We had been measuring the girls for their angel costumes, fitting them into their wings and starry crowns. They were to open all the Christmas services with a beautiful Angel Convocation, then give a tableau of the Nativity.

The Christmas tree was already ordered, the Sunday School gifts, the candy.

"I think we should cancel all we can," said a careful soul. "Make it a token Christmas, all round. Who wants to be merry?"

Who, indeed? In the days that followed, our spirits struck a new low. Navy losses, grave charges against those in high places, casualties, death of lads who had worshiped with us, new mourning, a sense of betrayal, of futility.

Celebrate? The Japs had blighted all that.

It was then that the shabby little greeting card limped into my home, a waif among the scarlet and gold of the others, looking rather like a burlap sack among velvets and satins.

It was of brown wrapping paper. A neat bow of string tied the folder together. Crayoned in labored letters on the cover was the greeting, "Wishing You a Gallant Christmas!" And inside was a childish sketch of a stable lantern, in which a white candle burned with a yellow flame, signed Tim Peterson.

It was a drawing of the lantern in Tim's air-raid dugout in a town in England. He had made all his Christmas cards down there. My sister had written me about it. It was nice, she said, that he was clever with his hands.

"Tim's a cripple," she had explained. "Machine gunners got him. He'll never walk again. Eleven years old, with very blue, active eyes—"

Three years of it. Of death raining from the skies, of skimpy food and fuel—of casts and crutches—and he could wish me "A Gallant Christmas!"

Not ten days since Pearl Harbor, and my spirit already bowing to a pagan enemy—surrendering Christmas! I saluted the shabby little makeshift card, then stayed up till dawn sewing stars on angel wings.

Christmas Eve they came together—my church choir, singing carols, and Hefty!

"O, little town of Bethlehem!" the choir sang to the candle in my window. "Hi, there!" shouted Hefty, heaving his suitcase through the doorway. I rushed excitedly from window to door, trailing tinsel after me.

"Thought I'd spring a surprise on you!" Hefty grinned. "Ten days vacation. I chauffeured a couple clear from Detroit, for my bed and board . . . Swell singing, that!"

Hefty has sung in the choir of St. Stephen's since he was a little tad. He joined in now with the voices outside. I was amazed to hear that deep bass voice coming from my boy soprano! I hardly recognized the broad shoulders, blotting out my Christmas candle. In four years the awkward High School lad had become an upstanding man.

"We Three Kings of Orient are,

Bearing gifts we traverse afar—"

he rumbled, shielding my flickering candle from the brisk Bay breeze. He stopped on a deep note to ask why I didn't use an electric bulb in my window.

"I like candles," I told him.

"They're old stuff," he argued. "In the

twentieth century—"

Standing there, with the same old argumentative glint in his eyes, I saw the old Hefty I used to know; who found history "old stuff"; who gloomed in his letters, "But Shakespeare gets me down." Poor Hefty, one of six hard-working sons of "Honest Tom," the Syrian who ran a little grocery store in a "has-been" section of Detroit. Plodding Hefty, who had dared to dream; who had longed passionately to be a great physician. Persevering Hefty, who had wept over some of his failures, but had fought on, hanging doggedly fast to his dream. . . .

After the carol singers had gone, he told me why he had come.

"Pearl Harbor's eating me, see? I figured I'd better talk it through with you, like when I was your furnace boy. This war gets me down—"

I nodded. Me, too!

"Jack's gone. They wouldn't take him here, but they did in Canada."

Jack, the black sheep! Of all the brothers, he was the only one they ever had to worry about.

"Frank's in camp. Charlie, too. They won't take Ed because of his ear. You know that old ear?"

Yes, I knew. Even the Mayo Brothers hadn't been able to cure that ear.

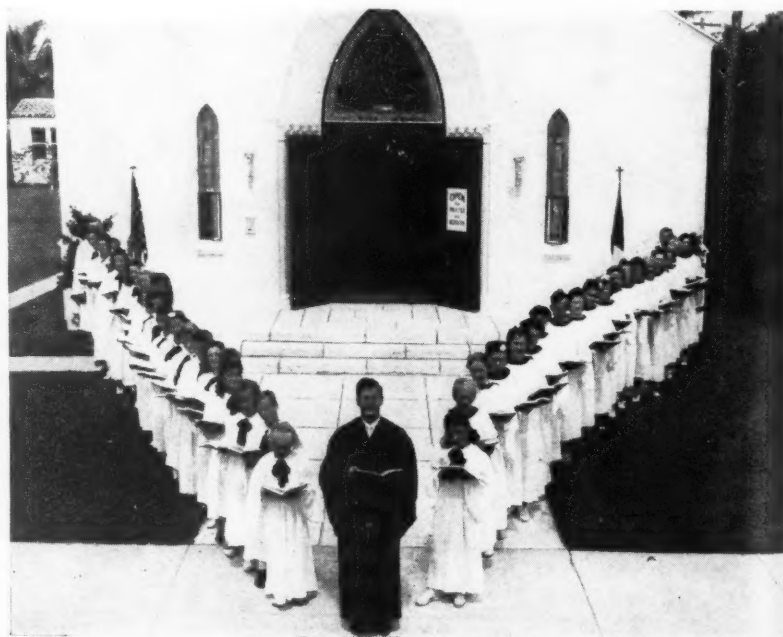
"So Ed will stay home and help Dad. He's got to have dependable help in the store—to read the labels on cans for him, and sign his name. Be American for him."

I knew that, too. Honest Tom could speak English, but not read it.

"What does it all add up to, Hefty?"

He twisted his big hands together, as he always did when the world was too much for him.

"Me," he said heavily. "What shall I do? Go on with my studies, or enlist?"



MISS PLUMB'S CHOIR, MAKES A "V FOR VICTORY" WITH THE PASTOR



Mrs. Muller's husband has offered to help me through Medical College. A loan. Pay back when I can—"

Mrs. Muller! Years ago she, a *Christian Herald* reader, moved by an article I had written about Hefty, had befriended him in many lovely ways. Letters, small gifts, a five-dollar bill slipped into a card, two weeks at a camp for young Christian leaders. Finally an invitation to her own beautiful home in another state, where her husband, a successful business man, had put a fatherly hand on Hefty's work-warped shoulder, and told him he had a surgeon's hands. And now—this wonderful offer!

"What does your mother say, Hefty?"

**YOU** know Mom. She has two brothers in Syria who are Christian doctors. She's longed to have one of her boys a doctor. Mom says she's given three sons to the Service. That's enough. One should go on learning how to cure—not kill."

"And your Dad?"

Hefty gave his suitcase another sullen kick. "He doesn't say a word. But I know how he feels. It shames him to be still an alien, not to have enough education to be naturalized. Now that his sons are fighting for America, he can hold up his head. It sort of makes him a citizen. Dad would be proud to have me enlist."

"And you, Hefty?"

"All I ever think of is being a doctor. I never wanted to be anything else. Why must I quit now, just when I've struck my stride, and am going places?"

It was then that the Bay breeze frisked in at the open window, almost snuffing out my Christmas candle, and blowing Tim's waif card off the shelf, to Hefty's feet.

"Whatzit?" he asked, turning it over curiously in his big hand.

Briefly I told him its brave little story.

"How old did you say he was?"

Hefty's voice was tight.

"Eleven years."

All the stab of Hefty's first great grief was in his eyes as they met mine. "Just Buddy's age," he grieved. Buddy was the beloved little brother who had died when there were eight sons in the family. It was Hefty's first experience of death. It had left a deep wound that time was slow in healing.

I watched his great strong hands put Tim's card gently on the shelf.

"The kid's right," he said. "All this happy talk is old stuff."

**HE STAYED** late, helping me wrap my gifts for the girls of my Sunday school class. I was giving each a little carved plaque for her bedroom wall, reading "Prayer Alters Things."

"Try praying it off, Hefty—this war," I told him. "Or through."

"Okay," he agreed.

Christmas morning we were up while the dew was still on the day; for the Candlelight was to be at six. The world

was swathed in a dove-grey mist. Every tiny blade of grass, every spider's web was jeweled with dew drops. Pale candlelight flooded from the open door of the little church.

We peeped inside. The Christmas tree, its branches brilliant with blue lights, gleamed from its usual corner. The lovely new candelabra stood in place. A path of little golden flames ran from threshold to altar. My Madonna was putting last-minute touches to the straw-filled manger, and everywhere through the mist were coming my Herald Angels, their starry crowns shining, their great wings poised as if for flight.

Soon the little church was filled with people. Standing in the doorway, I picked out Hefty's thick black curls, and a few seats away—actually!—the doctor's rebellious iron-grey head.

"O, come ye, O, come ye to Bethlehem," sang my white-robed angels about the manger, each doing her part perfectly, because prayerfully, for the Little Lord Jesus.

The Convocation, the carols, Luther's Cradle Hymn, the Nativity tableau, the slow, stately recessional. Not one thing had we surrendered to the enemy! It was just as we had planned it before Pearl Harbor.

Then the combined choirs sang the Hallelujah Chorus, and formed a "V" for Victory before the church. The Pastor preached on "The Light of the World"—while outside newspaper headlines screamed, "Fall of Hong Kong!"

**THE** week after Christmas flew by like an express train. Hefty has always played as hard as he worked, and now he threw himself into a hectic round of swimming, sight-seeing, fishing, golfing, bobbing up at my doorstep every so often to say breathlessly, "Gee, I'm hungry!" or "Gee, it's great to be alive!"

We decided to go adventuring New Year's Eve, and drop into any church for the Watch Night service. Not his church, not mine—a strange one.

"Why not?" argued Hefty. "All this labeling is old stuff. When a fellow fights or falls beside you in battle, does it matter whether he's a Presbyterian or a Methodist, a Democrat or a Republican? He's a buddy—that's enough."

We came across it unexpectedly, about eleven o'clock. The big Orange Bowl Parade was on—bands, balloons, confetti, floats, uproar. But here in this little sanctuary, on a dim side street, was the silence of Eternity.

At first it seemed as if the church were in darkness, but as we mounted the steps, we saw it was lighted by one solitary candle before the altar cross. That was all.

"Well, you like candles!" teased Hefty.

I liked what they stood for. "There's not enough of darkness round about, to put the smallest waxen candle out!" I quoted.

As we knelt in the half-filled church,

the woman behind us was saying in a low voice, "We're all going to see how little we can live on, how much we can give."

It seemed odd to be thinking thus, on our knees—of first aid classes, volunteer war jobs, black-outs, rationing, selective service, increased taxes, shortages—small things compared to what others were giving—but something we could shoulder cheerfully.

And now the electric lights were flashed on and the choir, in stately processional, singing, "O God, our help in ages past—" How people love to sing their faith! The congregation lifted the old hymn to the very rafters.

**THEN** the prayer of the young minister—so soon to be an Army Chaplain—was lifted to the God of Ages: "Eternal Father, Who makest all things new, yet abidest forever the same . . . We do not pray only in Thy Temple, but upon the World's Great Altar Stairs that slope through darkness up to Thee . . . Be with our brothers in the faith, whether they be in cathedral, concentration camp, or in chains. Help them and us to face the New Year with high courage and gallant faith . . . Be with the bereaved of those who followed the call—and will not return. Let them know of a certainty that the dear departed are not dead, but wonderfully, tremendously alive, promoted to a greater service, studying with their Heavenly Captain the Great Plan of the Universe, which is hidden from us. . . ."

The young minister preached his sermon with watch in hand. Frequently he held it to his ear. For it seemed as if God's great clock had already struck, awakening us to the shortness of the hour before our accustomed world should disappear.

"And the Light shineth in darkness," was his text. The world was full of bad news today, he said. So, he would spend the last half hour of the old year telling us good news. He would tell us of the new day for which men were dying in this black night.

**BREATHLESSLY** his words poured forth, racing the speeding minutes. A new earth—bought with blood and sweat and tears. A new vision of the better and truer tomorrow which man must build through God. A new charity springing from our broken hearts. A new wisdom, found in the fellowship of suffering. A revival of the Church's power, now that the idols of the old earth were gone. A new vital unity, now that Christ mattered more than creed.

"A new *You!*" he said, pointing, it seemed, directly at Hefty and me. "Let us stand in silent prayer—it is nearing midnight."

In the silence, we sought, each in his own way, for the contemporary Christ, the Christ of Eternal Courage, Who

(Continued on page 56)

By

RALPH W.  
SOCKMAN

## "When God Goes Along"

THE question which I put before you may sound a bit strange. It is this: Have we learned how to leave? By this I do not mean the social etiquette of saying good-bye to a hostess or a friend. But have we learned how to leave home? Hundreds of thousands of lads are having to leave their homes these days. Have we, as citizens, learned how to leave one locality in order to make our homes in some new community? In our transient world, we are repeatedly called upon to pull up roots and move. Have we learned how to leave a great thrill or a deep sorrow or an old year without suffering paralyzing after-effects? Yes, and do we think we have learned how to leave this



earth? Eventually we shall all have to face that final departure. The art of leaving is a very vital part of the art of living.

Before me is a bit of inspired counsel given by the prophet Isaiah to a people whom he was calling to leave the city of Babylon. I should like to place it before you as a formula for the art of leaving. And my hope is that the prophet's words may continue to sing in the back of your minds as you go through whatever emergencies the future may unfold. This is the advice, as Moffatt translates it, which Isaiah gives to his people of Israel on leaving Babylon: "Nor need you hurry forth, flying like fugitives, for the Eternal goes in front of you, and your rear-guard is Israel's God."

This formula suggests, first of all, that we are not to flee like fugitives from our past, whatever that past experience may be. The last few years have made us tragically familiar with refugees. Over and over we have heard the stories of their hurried departures, of their possessions forsaken in flight, of loved ones left behind. A friend told me recently

that he had written an article entitled "Doorbells." He based it on the statement of a newcomer to this country, a woman who had fled from Nazi-controlled Europe. She had said that the difference between Hitlerized Europe and the United States could be symbolized by doorbells. In Germany, when the doorbell rang, the occupants of the house cowed in fear because it was likely to be the cruel Gestapo. In America the doorbell signalized the coming of the milkman, the mailman, or some friendly neighbor. Only those who have undergone the experience can fully appreciate how in this land the refugee loses his hunted look. But even this newly found freedom cannot assuage completely the pain of severed roots, the anxiety for friends left behind. It is an awful thing to have to flee from one's country as a fugitive.

Yet a person may be a fugitive from life without feeling the pangs of the refugee. Recently I met a man in a barber shop, who prided himself on being "footloose and fancy free." He said that he was at home wherever he hung his hat, and when he wished to leave, he

simply picked up his hat and went. He stayed in New York until he felt the lure of California and then, believe it or not, when he tired of California he would go to Florida or Chicago. Still fairly young and in good health, he claimed to be enjoying his freedom. But such a vagrant existence leaves a man an exile from the more solid satisfactions of life. He will never have to bear some of the pains to which family love exposes us, but neither will he know the blessed pressure of little children leaning on him for support. Some day the casualness of his associations will leave him with a loneliness reminiscent of Longfellow's lines:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness."

The roving, rootless life is really a refugee existence. Few if any of us would run away from life in that fashion. But we who try to sink our roots in home and community eventually find time and change tearing us from our beloved associations.

The last few years have made us tragically familiar with refugees, of their hurried departures, of their possessions forsaken in flight, of loved ones left behind. In these uprooting times we, too, must learn the art of leaving our homes and our loved ones, leaving our joys and our sorrows. But remember—God goes along!

Have we learned how to leave our pleasant experience? Does the memory of the loved places we have left go with us as an inspiration to enrich our future days or does it leave us with a nostalgia that spoils the good times ahead? Jesus did not rush through His days as if impatient to get on to the next task. He took time to play with little children, to mingle with wedding guests, to enter into the domestic joys of home circles. On the other hand, He cautioned His followers against looking back with futile regret to the things left behind. "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God." Our Lord would have His followers enter fully into the experience of the moment unclouded by regret and unhurried by impatience. The grammar of growth involves the proper use of all three tenses—past, present, and future. Through memory we should preserve the past in such a way that it enriches the present and prepares us for the future.

Dr. John Henry Jowett once likened the mind of St. Paul to a skylark in its motion. He said that Saint Paul mounted up like the skylark, the minstrel pilgrim of the skies, where he could songfully survey the world. Saint Paul beheld the world as his parish. But just as the skylark keeps its nest on the ground in order to keep its body warm, so Paul always kept his local nesting places in order to keep his spirit warm. We, too, need a skylark motion to our souls. We must mount up where we can catch the world outlooks, but we must keep our local loyalties.

Let us not succumb to the mood of restlessness, rushing from place to place and from thrill to thrill, so impatient for the latest thing that we miss the lasting thing. On the other hand, as Jesus said, let us "remember Lot's wife" and not look back to what we are leaving when we should be looking ahead. In the words of our text, "Nor need you hurry forth flying like fugitives, for the Eternal goes in front of you and your rear-guard is Israel's God."

Let us ask now, "Have we learned how to leave our sad experiences?" Some seek escape from sad memories by a change of scene. To get away from the environmental reminders of our sorrow may pluck some of the nettles from our wounded spirits. A minister once told me that after the death of his wife he took a trip to another city and went to a ball game. He said that he simply had to have a change of scene to relieve his sorrow. His grief, I believe, was

sincere, but to seek the cure of sorrow in mere diversion seems almost irreverent. I have known anguished hearts, however, that found healing from the ravages of death by visiting the lovely gardens of old Charleston, or by going to the seashore where the illimitable ocean with its unceasing ebb and flow symbolizes the eternal.

Some try to get away from their sorrows by throwing themselves into their work. Viscount Grey wrote in 1917: "The occupation of work is the best thing for anyone who has to bear great sorrow. If they have work in hand and strength to do it, and if they can sleep, the problem of how to endure life is solved for the present moment. Looking forward to the months and years that are to come is very dreary and depressing, but we do not live life in the lump, but day by day, and each day brings its own work and some expedient to help us."

Yes, work is perhaps the best of all opiates for grief, but remember it remains an anodyne rather than a remedy. The mind is distracted but the ache in the heart is not cured. Furthermore, do we want to solace our grief by a mere forgetting? Ah, no; that one we have loved and lost we do not want to put out of mind. We want to hold him in the shrine of our memory. And that is what God helps us to do when He goes along with us in our sorrows. God keeps green the memory of our beloved dead so that we think of them, not as lying lonely in some snow-covered mound, but living in another room of our Father's house of many mansions. As when a boy brings his troubles to a father, that trouble enables the boy to get closer to the father's heart and the father to enter further into the boy's confidence, so sorrow rightly shared with God gives a new quality to our faith, a new depth to our understanding, a new power to our prayers, a new lift to our sympathy.

Let us not then "hurry forth flying like fugitives" from our sad experiences, but let us bring them into the all-encompassing comradeship of God. And out of such continued sharing with God will come the strengthening of faith expressed by Paul when he cried, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Returning now to Isaiah's formula, let us read it again, "Nor need you hurry

forth flying like fugitives, for the Eternal goes in front of you." Ah, that is the secret of unhurried serenity. "The Eternal goes in front of you." The guidance of God is one of the favorite themes of the Biblical writers. They believed implicitly that the Lord led them in what they were to say and do. But this matter of divine guidance has been put in question by the perverse people who claimed to have possessed it. So many persons have seen the Lord's leading in such foolish signs and places. So many have claimed God's guidance for such cruel deeds.

Recently there came to my desk a radio letter from a broken-hearted mother, whose daughter had been killed in an accident. As the young woman was about to return to the city, her brother invited her to take a ride on his new motorcycle. In five minutes an accident occurred which caused her death. The mother was writing to ask whether I thought God had fixed in advance the way and time of her daughter's death. She had been told that God tickets in advance every detail of life and that when our ticket comes, we go. Well, personally I am not a fatalist in that sense. I think we must distinguish between what God intends and what God allows. God allows accidents and wars to befall us because He has to grant us our freedom for the sake of our development. But that is not to say that God intends accidents and wars. Divine guidance does not mean that we are puppets on a stage with a hidden heavenly hand pulling the strings.

Hosea interprets God as saying, "I drew them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love." The cords of a man are not like the harness of a horse. The cords of a man are reason, intuition, imagination, will, spirit. These are the faculties by which God guides us. He strengthens and stabilizes the reason; He quickens the intuition; He illumines the imagination; He empowers the will. To trust God's guidance is not to assume the attitude of a certain church sexton, who was asked how he got along with so many bosses, for he was subject to the whims of trustees, committee chairmen and countless others around the parish. "Oh," he said, "it isn't so hard to know what to do. I just throw my mind into neutral, and go where I'm pushed." Well, to be guided by God does not mean throwing your mind into neutral and going where you're pushed. It means using our own faculties to the utmost of our ability, and then having done our best, trusting "Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Let us return now to Isaiah's text for a final reading: "Nor need you hurry forth, flying like fugitives, for the Eternal goes in front of you, and your rear-guard is Israel's God." Ah, yes, our safe progress requires protection in the rear as well as (Continued on page 48)





The Christopher Wren tower of Martha-Mary Chapel, South Sudbury, Mass.

## Children's Church

Amaryllis Barrett, eleven, who is a frequent speaker at Martha-Mary Chapel



Here is a full view of the Colonial style chapel, built by Henry Ford

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER

**D**ID you ever go to a church where the minister was under sixteen and the guest speaker was six? Where there was no creed? No collection? Where service was held on weekdays and not on Sunday?

Martha-Mary Chapel, built by Henry Ford recently on the Wayside Inn Estate in Sudbury, Massachusetts, is the lovely name of one such church. It is named for the mothers of Mr. and Mrs. Ford . . . and it belongs to the children who go to school here in this restoration of an old New England village. The chapel is distinctly the children's, not only because they helped to build it, but because they hold service there every school morning. The only adult who takes part in the worship program is the organist, and several youngsters are already being trained to take his place.

"But we'd be delighted to have you visit," a pleasant voice told me over the phone when I inquired. So I went there to church one windy Monday morning in March.

As I walked up the steep brick path to the top of the hill where Martha-Mary sits so high it seems to float against the sky, I saw the congregation coming down the wet country road . . . playing leapfrog!

It seemed to me a very nice way to go to church . . . surely here were no unwilling youngsters being dragged to sing hymns. The bell was ringing joyously in the slender Christopher Wren tower above our heads and the young parishioners went by me, laughing, dressed in snowsuits and mackinaws, bareheaded to the keen March air.

"Good morning!" one freckle-faced boy called out to me as he passed. And I felt suddenly more welcome than if a dozen deacons had shaken hands with me in the vestibule.

And it was grand to see the hill thick with young people thronging to church! Was there something symbolic, I wondered, in putting this little white church so high up that it dominated not only the schools, the old grist mill in the valley, the rolling fields, and even the historic Wayside Inn itself?

The old New England meetinghouses were landmarks because they were at once a place of worship and a look-out for the Indians. Had young America a watch to keep, too? Would they find the vision for it here in this copy of an old meetinghouse, as their forefathers had done?

"It costs something to be an American!" I thought. Every foot of these rolling meadows from which the hurricane lumber had come to build Martha-Mary chapel, had been paid for with the blood of the forefathers of these very children. Did the chapel really mean anything to them? Or was "In God We Trust" merely the printing on a piece of silver?

The service these children led that morning was the answer. Once inside the snowy-white portals of Martha-Mary, the young leapfrogging parishioners, I found, became instantly reverent. They couldn't help it. The beautiful interior, white-walled, but with its severity softened by walnut woodwork and

soft mauve carpets, held worship like a cup. Even the little tads from the Mary's Little Lamb School, where sixteen lucky youngsters learn their three R's in the very room where Mary brought the lamb, sat very straight, the tops of their heads dotted the front pews.

The next older group were from the Southwest elementary school whose children are drawn by invitation . . . and a long waiting list there is! . . . from the Sudbury public schools. But the big fine-looking chaps in the back rows near me must be, I knew, from the Wayside Inn Boys' School, an academy run by Mr. Ford for fifty boys who are under the guardianship of the state. It was one of these who had made me welcome.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow. . ."

The soft playing of the organ had ceased and down the aisle came an assorted group of children to take their places in front of the altar, upon the platform. They used neither the lovely lectern nor the pulpit because the littlest speaker couldn't have seen over the top. Dickie (I learned their names later) was six, mostly big brown eyes and a lock of silver-gilt hair that kept getting into his eyes. Amaryllis was twelve, chubby-faced, with two thick yellow pigtails. The two older boys were in what should have been their awkward teens . . . but weren't. Nobody, not even Dickie, looked scared.

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly hosts. . ."

Everyone was singing the doxology, even the big boys all around me, I noticed. But there was no "Amen." Instead we stood with bowed heads and the silent church said, "Amen" for us. Almost as if we were listening to the faint voice of early New England worshipers coming down to us through the years. . . .

The preacher for the day was under sixteen and the service in which he led us might have been that of almost any Sunday morning in the village church. We sang two of the grand old hymns of the church, "O Worship the King," and "Sun of My Soul," and finally "America the Beautiful." We prayed the Lord's prayer . . . with again that impressive halt with bowed head instead of the "Amen" when you could hear the church praying about us in every quiet aisle. And then we saluted the flag, a splash of brilliant color against the white walls.

First God, and then the flag, I thought. The program was beginning to make sense. These were more than mere opening exercises. By starting every day in this lovely church that was as old in spirit as the American tradition but as modern as tomorrow, these youngsters were learning that religion was a part of everyday life, of the American way of life.

This linking of worship with daily living was also the theme of the poems the youngsters recited; this was in place of a sermon. One of the older boys read "The Bridge Builder," the story of a man who crossed the treacherous chasm himself, but who stayed to build a bridge, so that those who came after him might cross in safety. The boy who read the poem made only one mistake in pronunciation which I, who had heard so many adolescent Sunday School classes mumble through the New Testament as if they had never read aloud in their lives, considered a minor miracle.

But it was Amaryllis and Dickie who preached from the heart.

Amaryllis is a preacher's daughter. She had no book, but stood firmly on her sturdy legs and told us that

"Sympathy large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers  
Is better than gold. . ."

Those may not be the exact words. I was so busy watching the light behind Amaryllis's face I forgot to write them down. But that was what she meant. Her very pigtails were earnest.

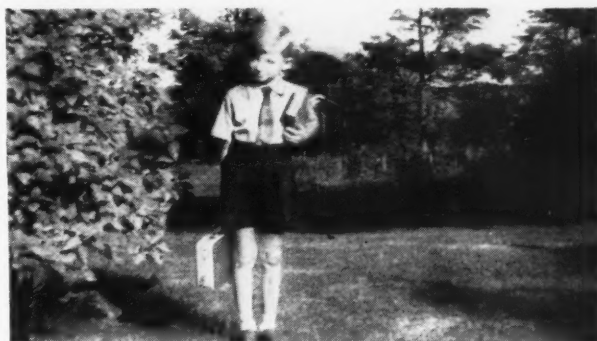
Then it was Dickie's turn. He came forward, dressed in a sweater and his pants, as big as twin pocket-handkerchiefs, were held up by enormous suspenders, but he was very grave. He neither squirmed nor stood on one foot nor mumbled. He told us in clear, flute-like tones that spring and the pussy-willows were here and that God was in them both. And then

he marched back to his seat as calm and collected as a bishop.

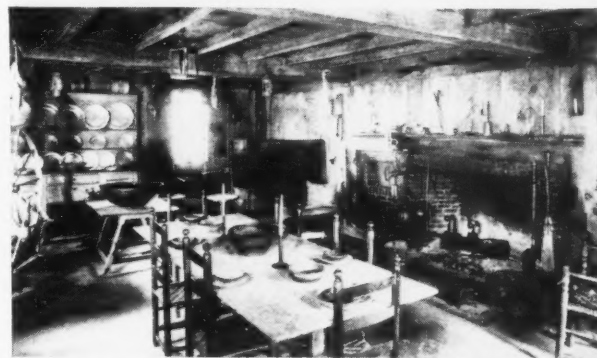
It is astounding how easily children take on the atmosphere of a place. Martha-Mary is a chapel upon a hill that cannot be hid. It is calm, serenely beautiful and reverent . . . so the children are that way too. Martha-Mary is not only built with the gracious cleanness of the old Colonial lines, but it is meant to be used. Its gorgeous crystal chandelier which dates back to Bristol, England, in 1680, is not only a museum piece; it "gives a lovely light." Martha-Mary offers them not only the best of old New England, but soundproofing, a Hamlin organ, and a playroom and sewing room in the basement. To these children worship will never be a thing set aside like a pair of tight Sunday shoes.

I admit I had not realized that Henry Ford had that side to his nature which Martha-Mary symbolizes. He has built four of these chapels, all named for his mother and his wife's mother, in various parts of the country. One of these is brick, standing in Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan; two others are in Georgia, one for the city and the other for the use of the hill children. And, if one is interested in restoring old New England, in keeping intact our heritage, who could omit the village church which was the very core of Colonial life?

I can't help feeling that Mr. Ford's (*Continued on page 59*)



Above, little Dickie, only six, but a serenely calm and collected guest speaker



And here is the kitchen in the famous Wayside Inn, immortalized by Longfellow



Front view of the Wayside Inn as it is today



That Robinson just ignored him, got in his car, and drove away



# The PRIDEFUL MAN

By Edward Price

After he'd rebuffed a few of the people around, it got so he wasn't spoken to as much. We're neighborly people around here but we can take a hint.

His wife, though, on the other hand, was just as easy to get along with as any one could wish. It was almost as though she wanted to make up for her husband's high-and-mightiness, the way she'd step off her road to help out. The Robinsons did a little farming, raised some chickens, and sold eggs. I don't believe any of the stores would have bought a dozen from Robinson, but they did from his wife, her being so pleasant, and having to live with a man like that. 'Course, now, they've changed their opinion of him, and I'll tell you how it came about.

Dan Felker, fellow I just mentioned awhile back, is the feller I work for. Dan's got a nice farm, good herd of milk cows, and is generally looked up to. That is to say, the Feklers have always held town jobs since 'way back. Dan, himself, has been selectman time out of mind, and road agent, and nobody knows what else. When he gives an opinion on things it's taken for gospel, though I don't agree with him on some things, like when to cut that ten-acre piece of hay below the house and such. But when he said Robinson was a prideful man, it went around, though people could see he was, anyway. He just gave the opinion, off-hand, and let it go.

One evening, this spring, I was at the sink, washing up, and Dan said to me, "Harry, I think we ought to get rid of that old bull of ours." He's got Jerseys, pure blood stock.

I said, "Could have told you that last fall when that feller from down-state was looking for a sire to improve his herd. That Sebastopol Pete is getting ugly. Can't do a thing with him without the pole in his nose-ring. Come a time when somebody'll be glad if there's a pitch fork handy."

I didn't think as I spoke, but Mrs. Felker looked up, real anxious. She and Dan, they've just got the one boy, young Dan, just passing three years old, who's all over the place with either me or Dan. They think the world of him, naturally, him being the only one, and I shouldn't have spoke out like I did.

Dan caught his wife's look and says, "The time won't come, then. I didn't want to say until I found out what you thought, but I got a trader coming tomorrow."

Next morning, about ten, the trader drove up in his truck and we all went down the barn. We always keep the bull pen in the darkest corner of the tie-up, which is proper to do; makes 'em easier to handle when you bring 'em out into the light. Pete, Sebastopol Peter III is his registry name, had his nose in the feed box with his hind quarters to us.

"Let's get him out in the light," the trader said, "so's I can see what he looks like."

**W**HAT Dan Felker said about him, everybody agreed with; he was a prideful man. Dan had the selling of the place he bought, and was the first to meet him, him and his wife. She was pleasant and talkative enough, but Robinson himself, Dan told us, had practically nothing to say while they went over the farm or while they signed the papers. It might have seemed like she wore the trousers, on the appearance of things, except that in most everything she said she turned to him in a way that was almost timid.

He was from 'way down in Maryland, and might have called us Yankees, which he probably did. Tall, gaunt sort of man, with black hair and eyes, and a beak of a nose that split the wind. He looked down it at you, but it hardly ever seemed that he looked straight into your eyes; it was more as though he was looking a little below them all the time he talked with you.

We got used to seeing him around, and if you caught his eye and said "hello" you'd likely get a nod in return. Still, you might not; he was so cussed haughty. There was the time he passed the minister, down town. Mr. Towbridge was just coming out of the grocery store and he gave Robinson a good, pleasant greeting. Well, yes, Robinson did say "Good morning!" in friendly enough fashion, and was just passing Mr. Towbridge when something occurred to the minister he wanted to say, something, maybe, about the church supper, or some message to Mrs. Robinson about the Ladies Aid.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson," he began, "I wanted to—"

Robinson went right on and stopped to look in the next door window.

The minister started toward him. "I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Robinson, about—"

That Robinson just ignored him, got in his car, and drove away.



I went to get the pole but Dan called me back.

"Just open the gate and let him out in the barnyard, Harry," he told me. "Let this feller see what a real bull looks like." I did so.

You ever hear a real bad bull bellow? I tell you, it's a sound. Pete's tail went out stiff and straight and he lit into the barnyard with all four feet on a dime. He buckled down on his front knees and tore up the ground with his horns, and all the time there was this rumbling down deep in his throat. Finally he stood up, stared up at us where we leaned on the railing. The way the Felker barnyard is, there's a ten-foot stone wall goes up to the upper barn level on one side, another side is the length of the barn where it opens into the barn cellar and the manure pit, and the other two sides are stout logs, about a foot between them, laid lengthwise, and bolstered by railroad ties.

Pete looked at us for a long while, with a caged-in devil in his eyes; then he stretched out his big head and let out a roar that made us back up a step. He began to paw furrows in the soft loam with his front hooves, scooping it up and letting it fly past his flanks and over his horns in front of him. Oh, I'll tell you, a bull, full-grown, is a magnificent sight, and one to put fear in you, too.

The trader liked Pete; I could see that. I knew he must have had a chance to unload him right away because he said he was afraid he wouldn't be able to sell him right away. He and Dan began to walk around, dickering. I stood and watched Pete for a while and when he went under the barn to mutter and brood in the gloom there, I went around and into his pen.

Just about that time, Mr. Robinson must have driven up to the house. It was the first of April and he was getting his car registered. That was one of Dan's jobs. She, Mrs. Felker, I mean, told him Dan was down at the barn. The barn is kitty-cornered to the house, with the front away from it, so he couldn't see Dan.

It came to me. Young Dan was generally underfoot when I was spreading shavings on the tie-up floor, and I hadn't noticed him for half an hour, seemed like. I dropped the scoop shovel and headed out through the barn. Just about the same moment, Dan and the trader, ready to split a figure, moved over to the railing for another look at Pete. What they saw and I saw, them on the wall and me from the other end of the barn, was young Dan squatting in the soft loam, plumb in the middle of the barnyard, digging into it with a stick and letting the dirt fly, and just under the barn, his rumbling getting louder, and his hooves pawing soil, was Pete, with blood in his eye as he looked at young Dan.

I could think of a dozen things then, and so must Dan have. How far to a pitchfork, how far to a gun, how fast over the fence and to Dan and back again. And while we stood there, in that matter of seconds, I saw Robinson leisurely get over the fence, clamber down and stride to where the boy was. The bull let out a bellow that fluttered all the pigeons out of their cote in the loft. Robinson grabbed young Dan under the armpits, not even looking at the bull, walked back to the fence, sat Dan on it and got over, himself. He had just propped the boy on his shoulder and headed toward the house when Pete struck his thirteen hundred pounds of madness against where Robinson had stood. Nobody'll ever know what kept him from moving before it was over, just plain astonishment, I guess.

"There's a man!" said the trader, choking, his face and neck all grayish-green.

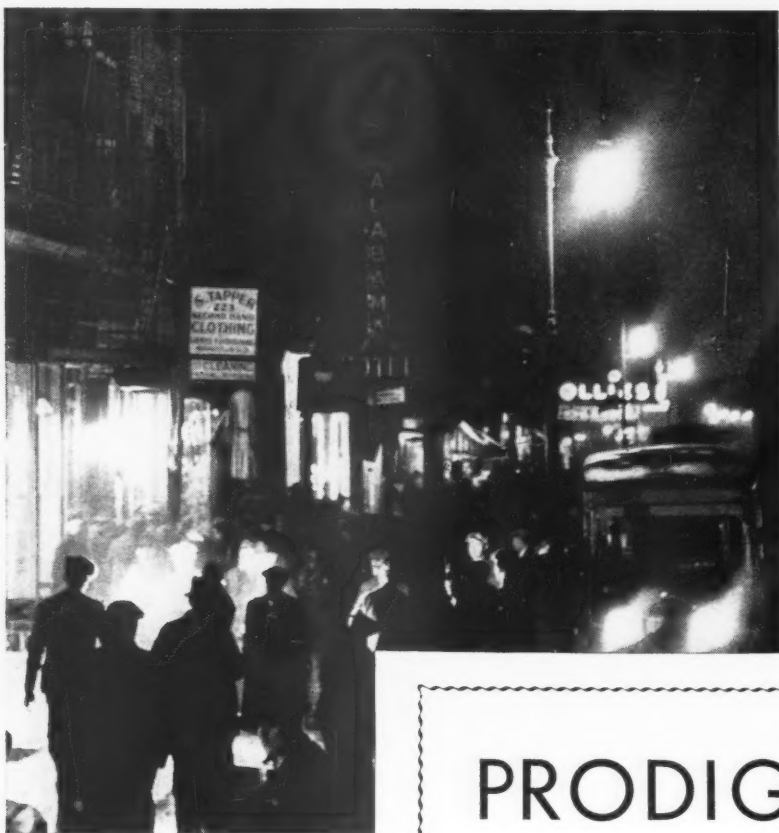
Dan was just finding his voice. "Robinson!" he yelled. "Robinson! Mr. Robinson!" That stiff-necked man went right on up to the house, plumped the child down on the door step, said a few words to Mrs. Felker, and drove off.

When we got up to the house, Mrs. Felker was changing young Dan's pants. She seemed put out. "If you men can't keep Danny out of the mud, I won't" (Continued on page 56)

### Illustrator JOHN WATROUS

He just propped the boy on his shoulder and headed toward the house when Pete struck his thirteen hundred pounds where Robinson had stood





The Bowery at night and a young hungry prodigal



## PRODIGAL, 1943

By

CHARLES  
DOWNES

THE stairs creaked. He froze. . . . In the darkness of the stair well, he could hear the pounding of his own heart. Everything else was still. He waited tensely, gripping the banister rail with his left hand. In his other hand he held his shoes by their joined laces.

Cautiously, he went down another step, then another and another. Finally he reached the bottom step.

In the kitchen he hurriedly emptied the contents of the old sugar bowl in which his mother kept the household money. There were a number of bills and a small handful of silver. As he was stuffing the money into his pocket, his ear caught the faint ticking of a watch. He crossed to the other side of the room and felt along the top of the shelf. As soon as he touched it he knew it was his father's gold watch and chain. Slipping it into his pocket, he wondered why his father had left it around so carelessly. It usually was upstairs on the dresser.

The thought of his father made him hurry. His conscience smote him, but he reassured himself with the thought that he was only borrowing the money

and the watch. Taking his cap and overcoat, he slipped out of the house, closing the door softly. In the farmyard he put on his coat and shoes. It was a starlit winter night, the air clear and crisp, and the ground hard.

He cut across the meadow beyond the barn, climbed a stone fence which his great-grandfather had built, and came out on a dirt road, which he followed for about a quarter of a mile to the main highway. Turning south, he walked for almost a mile before a truck came along. Standing well out in the glare of the headlights, he motioned with his thumb. The truck rumbled by. He watched its red taillights recede slowly down the highway.

When another truck came along he repeated his tactics. This time the truck slowed down. A man stuck his head out of the driver's compartment and pointed a flashlight at the lad, revealing a stocky figure, a freckled face with large brown eyes, and the youthful eagerness of a boy not quite seventeen.

"Going through Poughkeepsie?" the boy shouted, running beside the truck.

"Yeh. Lookin' fer a lift?"

"You bet!"

"O. K. Hop in."

He crowded into the compartment with the driver and two other men. For several minutes nobody spoke. At length,

the big man beside him said, "Out kinda late, ain't yuh?"

"Kind of."

The man whistled to himself.

"Live in Poughkeepsie?"

"No. I'm going to catch a train for New York. I live back up the road a piece." His voice was changing, and it broke into falsetto during this recital. He could feel himself flush, and was thankful it was dark.

"Goin' to New York, huh?"

"Yup. I'm going to enlist in the Navy."

"Kinda young, ain't yuh?"

"I'm eighteen!"

"Yeh?"

Another silence.

"Bet youh runnin' away," the big man said, good-naturedly.

The lad swallowed hard. "Nope."

"Go on! Yuh ain't kiddin' nobody but yuhself, kid."

The lad protested.

"Skip it," the man said. "We ain't goin' a snitch on yuh, kid."

When they reached Poughkeepsie the men stopped for coffee at a lunch wagon, and the lad left them and went to the railroad station. He had to wait a long time for a train, and the ticket agent eyed him suspiciously.

After several tedious hours, he boarded a southbound train and reached the

city with the rising sun. In Grand Central he went to a 'phone booth and looked up the address of a Navy recruiting station. He also looked to see how many Edward P. Bakers were listed in the 'phone book. That was his name. Then he had breakfast.

He had been to New York before but never alone. The size of the city and the number of people rather awed him. However, he had something very definite to do, and he was not backward about asking questions. So, in due time, he found himself at a Navy recruiting office fortified with plenty of good advice.

A number of young men were there before him. Pearl Harbor had moved them all, as it had young Baker, with patriotic zeal and a consuming desire for action and adventure. He took his place on the line with a good deal of assurance. At the table the warrant officer questioned him quickly.

"Name?"

"Edward P. Baker."

"Address?"

A slight hesitation. Then he lied and gave an address in East Thirty-ninth Street.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Got your birth certificate?"

The boy's eyes widened. The warrant officer looked up and gruffly repeated the question.

"No," Eddie replied. "I—"

"You'll have to bring it in," the man said. "Also your parents' consent in writing. Here's a form. Get your father to sign it."

He asked other questions and wrote down the answers. Then he handed some papers to the boy.

"Take these with you and go inside and get your physical examination. Give your papers to the man at the desk."

Bewildered, the lad moved into the other room, undressed as ordered, and went through the routine of a physical examination with flying colors until he reached the eye test. The small print was invisible when he held his hand over his left eye, and even the two lines above were too hazy for him to read.

"D. V.," said the medical officer to the clerk. "That means defective vision, son," he said to Eddie. "Better see a doctor and get fixed up."

"Does that mean I can't join up?"

"I'm afraid so, for awhile. We couldn't use you the way you are now. Go see your doctor, and come back later." He turned away asking, "Who's next?"

Leaving the recruiting station, Eddie stepped out into the morning sunlight so deeply and wretchedly disappointed that he ached all over. He walked blindly forward, not caring where he went. His pride, his hopes and his plans were all shattered. He was humiliated. It was too much to bear! He had dared so much and had failed so dimly.

He tramped the streets for hours, un-

conscious of the passing time. Toward the middle of the afternoon he began to grow tired, which helped to numb the intensity of his anguish. By degrees, the insistence of an empty stomach became too urgent to be ignored. He went into a lunch room and ate heartily.

On the street once more he felt better. Walking along West Forty-second Street, he decided to see a movie to get away from his own thoughts.

It was dark when he came out. A sharp wind was blowing and the temperature had dropped. He ate again at a quick lunch counter wondering how he would spend the night. He thought of the Y.M.C.A. but was afraid of the questions he might be asked. He thought of his mother, of the money he had stolen, of his father's watch, and started walking again, trying not to think of those things. It was getting colder, and he was tired.

He entered a small hotel in the Forties,



## WHEN HE WAS A BOY

*I think the boy Jesus, day by day,*

*Did his work in a cheerful way*

*Before he ran out in the fields to play.*

*I think at mealtime he liked to repeat*

*A "thank you" for shelter, a "thank you" for meat,*

*And saved some crumbs for the birds to eat.*

*I think the boy Jesus, night after night,*

*Knelt by his bed in the pale starlight*

*And asked God to help him do what was right.*

—Ida Tyson Wagner



but the desk clerk was suspicious and refused to let him register without baggage. It was getting late. He was tired and cold and a little scared.

On Third Avenue he asked a man where he could get a room for the night. The man sized him up shrewdly.

"How much money yuh got?"

The boy took his money out and counted nine dollars.

"I can get yuh fixed up, but it will cost yuh a couple of dollars."

Eddie wanted to get out of the cold and climb into a warm bed. He handed the man two one dollar bills. The man took him to a cheap rooming house and went in first, alone. Then he took Eddie in and solemnly introduced the boy to a slatternly woman who with seeming reluctance, let him have a room for the night. He hesitated but finally took it.

He slept fitfully, and was up early, glad to leave the place and get out into the open air. It was a cloudy day with a raw, biting, northeast wind. He bought a morning paper and read it while hav-

ing his breakfast. The "help wanted" ads received most of his attention. He had decided to get a job.

Leaving the lunch room, he went directly to one of the employment agencies he had seen advertised in the newspaper. The interviewer was frankly sceptical when Eddie said he was eighteen.

"Got your Social Security card?"

Eddie shook his head.

"Don't lie about your age when you apply for it," the man advised. "You'll make a lot of trouble for yourself. Have you got your working papers?"

Again Eddie shook his head and flushed. His self-confidence was completely demoralized by the interviewer's searching eyes and probing questions. The man rested his elbow on his desk and held his chin in his hand looking at the boy for a few moments. Then he scratched his head.

"My advice to you, young fellow," he said, "is to go back to school for a couple of years. It'll make things a lot easier for you later on."

Rejected again! Eddie walked the streets with a terrible sense of desolation. His conscience was troubling him. He thought of home, and immediately tried not to think of it. He wished he hadn't run away. If he hadn't stolen the money and the watch. . . . His worry and bewilderment increased with every step.

He was so completely pre-occupied with his troubles that it was some time before he realized that a cold drizzle was falling. At first it didn't bother him, but when it turned into sleet he began to think of shelter. His feet were getting wet.

He was walking on the lower East-side, in an Italian tenement district. He went into a curious restaurant where he got a bowl of soup and a big plate of spaghetti for fifty cents. A number of men were playing a slot machine. One of the men put a coin in the machine and pulled the lever. Suddenly, a deluge of nickels and quarters rolled out all over the place. The excitement of the men was astonishing. They were hysterical with joy. They left the place in a body, all speaking at once in rapid Italian. Eddie tried the machine. He won twenty-five cents, which thrilled and encouraged him. But soon he had lost his winnings and considerably more besides. He counted his money. Sixty-two cents. Reluctantly, he left the place feeling very low.

It was getting dusk, and snow was falling. He wandered around wondering what to do. He was lonesome, homesick and miserable. Later that evening, wet, bedraggled and desperate, he got a room for fifty cents in a cheap hotel, where he cried himself to sleep and dreamed of home.

When he awoke there was a man and another cot in the room. Neither had been there the night before. Eddie was too surprised to speak. The man was

(Continued on page 57)





JANUARY, 1943

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## *For the Quiet Hour*

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 1

"I HAVE SET BEFORE THEE AN OPEN DOOR."

READ REVELATION 3:7-11

AN OPEN gate, gleaming with the gold of hope, an untrodden way stretching before us. That is the New Year. We pause on the threshold. What lies down the path? What will this momentous year bring? We would not be human if we did not ask. But we are not Christians if we cannot reply with the assurance of faith, "God is our Father. We can commit ourselves to His keeping."

*We commit ourselves and our Country to Thy protection, O God. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 2

"I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

READ REVELATION 21:1-7

THIS thought can be added to that of yesterday. "The old year's dead. We've lived it through. There's light ahead—a year that's new. If the fight is hard, grit always wins; so what's the odds if we bump our shins? The past is dead. All things are new. Full steam ahead, and good luck to you." Through the mercy of our God, His grace is new and so is the start which He has made ours.

*Guide us by Thy Spirit, O Father, that we may live to Thy glory. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 3

"FAITH IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS HOPED FOR."

READ HEBREWS 11:1-7

THERE are people who laugh at our faith, and call it childish credulity. Because we believe in the unseen providence of God, because we believe in the miracles of Jesus, because we believe in the future life, they think we are lacking in common sense. Our faith is in the word of the living God. And it is the substance—the "title deed" of the unseen reality.

*Lord, increase our faith—not in our own wisdom, but in Thy goodness. Amen.*

### MONDAY, JANUARY 4

"BY FAITH WE UNDERSTAND. . ."

READ HEBREWS 11:8-16

THE phrase we used yesterday needs a word of explanation. You will note how the sacred writer seeks to define faith by calling it "substance" and "evidence." Yet we called it "title deed." So faith is the title deed of the soul's inheritance.

*Seeing that Thou hast made such a great inheritance ours in Christ Jesus, help us, O God, to live worthily of Thy confidence. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, JANUARY 5

"ZEAL OF GOD BUT NOT ACCORDING TO KNOWLEDGE."

READ ROMANS 10:1-10

WE LOVE Mark Twain's story of the fire in Hannibal. He saw a man on the fourth floor of a burning house. The ladders were not long enough to reach the window, where the man was calling for help. So Mark got a rope. He flung it up to the man, and told him to fasten it about his waist. Then Mark says, "With great presence of mind, I pulled him down." Some people are busy helping the world much like that. They are good at pulling things down.

*Illumine our minds, steady our purpose, O Master, that we may serve Thee wisely and wholeheartedly. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6

"YE ARE TOO SUPERSTITIOUS."

READ ACTS 17:22-31

PROBABLY Paul did not mean the common superstitions that people cherish. But we do. We pay too much notice to signs. If we spill salt that means evil at hand; but if sugar, good is around the corner. If we stumble without falling, that means good news! Foolish, is it not, to be the slaves of superstition? We are not the creatures of circumstance, but of God.

*Lead us into that intimate fellowship*

*with Thyself, O Father, that we can commit our way entirely unto Thee in Christ Jesus, Amen.*

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 7

"ALL IS . . . VEXATION OF SPIRIT."

READ ECCLESIASTES 2:9-17

IS THIS false or true of modern life? "Up at seven, wash and dress; eat some breakfast—more or less. Work all morning, out to lunch; ham and salad sadly munch: Back to labor, work till five; home for dinner—still alive. Go to movies, home at ten; sleep—and start all over again." When we leave God out of our life, no wonder life seems futile. But the Christian has discovered a secret. . . .

*O Thou, who didst toil at the bench of Nazareth, help us to know what life may be through Thine inspiring presence. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 8

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE."

READ JOB 23:1-10

A YOUNG boy, after some strategic moves, asked his father if he could have his advice. The father was all attention. "What is the matter, son?" "It's mother," replied the boy. "I don't think she knows much about boys. She makes me go to bed when I'm wide awake; and then she makes me get up while I'm sleepy." While that may seem trivial, is it not rather our own attitude to the great Father?

*Grant us, O God, who are but children of larger growth, not that conceit which knows best, but that trust which confides in Thee. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 9

"SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS?"

READ JEREMIAH 45

IF WE seek great things for ourselves, we shall fail of the highest. Yet if we seek for the good we can achieve, then blessing is assured. "The greatest vic-

CHRISTIAN HERALD

## DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

tory in life is the conquest of worry; the greatest discovery a man can make is how to escape envy and hate; the greatest problem is that of so adjusting yourself to the inevitable that you can keep your peace of mind and your self-respect."

*Fill our hearts with dissatisfaction with what we are that we may covet earnestly the best gifts. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 10

"HEREIN IS LOVE, NOT THAT WE LOVED GOD."

READ I JOHN 4:1-11

**M**OST people believe that Everest is the highest mountain in the world. Some learned men dispute that. They say that Chimborazo, in Ecuador, is higher because it is over two miles farther from the earth's center, and that makes Chimborazo higher than Everest. That may be open to argument. This is not. The highest love of which man has any knowledge is that which has been revealed to us in Christ Jesus.

*"Love divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down. Fix in us Thy humble dwelling, all Thy faithful mercies crown." Amen.*

### MONDAY, JANUARY 11

"LET EACH ESTEEM OTHER BETTER THAN THEMSELVES."

READ PHILIPPIANS 2:1-11

**T**HE wise man says, "To be important is one thing; to look important is another; but to feel important—there you have a man who likes his own company!" It is pitiable to see imperfect, sinful man assuming airs of superiority or strutting along as though all else were but dust beneath his feet. But the Christian is unlike that. He thinks of the rights of others.

*O Saviour, who didst ever see the best in people, help us to help them by being like Thee. Amen.*

### TUESDAY, JANUARY 12

"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE."

SONG OF SOLOMON 8:4-7

**W**E HEARD of a man who, in the glad old days when automobiles could be run without hindrance, called his ancient car, "True Love." When asked for the reason, he replied, "Because it never runs smooth." True love seldom does. There are often obstacles in the way. But some of them can be re-

moved. And most, if not all, can be overcome by that dominating love for Christ.

*Fill our hearts, O Saviour, with that grace by which we may become gracious like Thyself. Amen.*

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK."

READ JAMES 1:1-8

**A**N ESSENTIAL part of every watch is the balance wheel. And life without some equivalent cannot keep time or keep up to the times. They are making heavy demands on us. It is hard to keep sweet, patient, and cheerful. Hard, but not impossible! We owe it to our Lord, to our fellows, and to ourselves to let faith have its perfect work.

*Loving Father, dispel our fears, and lead us to that bright trust in Thyself that brings blessing. Amen.*

### THURSDAY, JANUARY 14

"NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION."

READ ISAIAH 2:1-11

**W**AR stamps its foul impress on the human race. It diverts, of necessity, productive labor into fashioning weapons of destruction. It brings enforced poverty and suffering to the innocent, as well as to the guilty perpetrators of this ghastly crime. We must pray and work for the day when man shall so honor and obey the will of God that such a calamity shall never sweep across the race again.

*O Lord, as Thou didst love those who wronged Thee, save us from hatred. Amen.*

### FRIDAY, JANUARY 15

"NOT EVERYONE THAT SAITH UNTO ME, LORD. . ."

READ MATTHEW 7:15-23

**C**HRISTIAN people do well to check up on their protestations and practise. It has been asked, "Do you belong to the talkative class?" No sincere heart could belong to that class. It recalls how the gracious Master affirmed, "Not every one that saith, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth. . ."

*Grant unto us sincerity of purpose and reality of effort, dear Master. So shall we love Thee not in word, but in deed and truth. Amen.*

### SATURDAY, JANUARY 16

"BEING CONFIDENT OF THIS VERY THING."

READ PHILIPPIANS 1:1-11

**A** CANDIDATE for a government position was asked, "How long is a piece of string?" That question seems foolish and unanswerable. Yet the young man found the answer—and it was correct. "The length of a piece of string is twice the distance between the center and either end." Why was he successful in gaining the position? He used his God-given powers of common sense. There must be an answer or the question would not have been put. He sought to find it. And when we are troubled by perplexing doubts, we would do well to see what the Book says.

*Gracious God, open our eyes to behold wondrous things out of Thy law, and to interpret life by Thy purpose, revealed in Jesus Christ. Amen.*

### SUNDAY, JANUARY 17

"DANIEL PURPOSED IN HIS HEART."

READ DANIEL 1:3-15

**T**HOSE young men, far from home, show us the way to loyalty. Add this, "If your backbone is weak, if your self-confidence is based not on what you know of yourself, but on what others think about you, then systematic knocking is likely to bring about your defeat. If you have pluck and persistence, and the power to estimate your ability fairly, then a knock may provide the incentive for doing your best." Let life challenge us; we will meet it. By persistence in well-doing we will show our loyalty to Christ.

*O Lord, who dost desire and wait for the best from each of us, strengthen us to dare to be our best for Thee today. Amen.*

### MONDAY, JANUARY 18

"ALTHOUGH THE FIG TREE SHALL NOT BLOSSOM. . ."

READ HABAKKUK 3:10-19

**M**ORE than once, since the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried under the fiery flood of Vesuvius, the volcano has spouted forth death. Yet afterwards, the hardy peasants have resumed their labors. The fruitful vines have flourished again. So when trial and disasters come, with the faith of Habakkuk, the Christian can put his whole trust in the Almighty. Out of the time of testing, like that we are enduring now, (Continued on page 58)

# Straight Talk

*Christian Herald* is not the product of a machine. It isn't produced by turning a crank; it is the product, month by month, of the labors of countless heads and hearts.

Into it go suggestions and ideas and contributions gathered up not only from the staff at 419 Fourth Avenue, but from folks living anywhere and everywhere between Maine and Florida. It is *their Christian Herald*, not ours.

We want them to help us edit *Christian Herald*; we want them to speak up. Hence the new name for this page: "Straight Talk." Let's have it, straight. Let's have criticism and witticism, impressions and reactions, brickbats and bouquets, from all of you.

Let's have whatever is on your mind. That includes items dealing with *Christian Herald*—or anything else, from kings to ships and sealing-wax. This is to be "The Blowing-Off-Steam-Department."

Speak up. Speak sincerely, and straight from the shoulder. Let it be short, honest and fair. Unfair punches, we warn you, will be detoured swiftly to the editor's wastebasket. And be warned that the editor intends to speak up, too.

Here goes!

## The Dean

Yakima, Washington

Dear Editor:

I should like to see your editorial comment on the following:

A letter to Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, London, commending an excellent volume on Russia, packed with information about the industrial and social development of the Soviet Union during the past twenty-five years but silent about the wholesale murders by which the Soviet has kept its power . . . brought this reply from the Dean:

"Thank you so much for your most kind letter. Alas, I have no time to reply fully. The *purges*, I might add, however, were Russia's effort, happily successful, to get rid of her Quislings.

"Very truly yours,  
"Hewlett Johnson".

What think ye of this? I'd like to know.  
Yours,

William Worthington

Impression among writers on Soviet subjects seems to be that the Russians took the good old Dean for a ride, showing him only what they wanted him to see, telling him only what they wanted to tell him. But the book is worth reading, however that may have been. There are statistics and records here dealing with education under the Soviet that will make the average (badly informed) American jump. So far as the wholesale murders are concerned, the Dean has his story and he's sticking to it. Editorially, whether the victims were Quislings or saints, we hate it.

## Grapes Of Wrath

Redmond, Washington

Dear Editor:

If by publishing Pearl S. Buck's list of books for Asiatic reading you wish to imply sanction for that list, please discontinue sending me the *Herald*. . . . Do not send me any literature urging me to resubscribe, as all the good things you seem to advocate for this poor old world are just so many words if you recommend "Grapes of Wrath" as good reading for anybody, yellow, black or white. . . .

Yours truly,

Mrs. W. S. Quackenbush

Dear Editor:

. . . . Sir, I don't believe that "Grapes of Wrath" belongs in that list. My opinion is doubtless biased, as I have read only part of the book. The initiative was mine and I could have read it all if I had so desired. To my shame, however, I had previously read "Of Mice And Men" all the way through. So when a preacher-friend of mine offered to let me read the book, "Grapes of Wrath," . . . I thanked him, took the book and read a few pages of it and returned it to its owner. God forbid that I should read such filth, much less purchase it.

Respectfully yours,  
Allie Jones

No, *Christian Herald* did not select "Grapes of Wrath" as one of this list, nor does *Christian Herald* necessarily approve of its inclusion. But this is the list announced by Miss Buck: in editorial fairness we had no more right to scratch out this title any more than we had to scratch any other title. We think the book is spotty with dirt; we also think that, if such conditions do prevail as are painted in this book, it is time Christian people went to work

on the conditions as well as on the book!

## Lessons

Fort Morgan, Colo.

Dear Editor:

I like *Christian Herald* very much, but would like it much better if we could have a good Fundamentalist write a whole page or more helps for the Sunday School lesson. We need more Bible study, not discussions on topics of the hour . . . we can get that in our daily papers. We used to have such good helps. This is just a suggestion.

Respectfully,

Mrs. H. E. M. Holmes

Reader Holmes makes a good suggestion; she will find a new series of lesson notes beginning in this issue. This comes back to *Christian Herald* because of popular demand. We know you'll like Dr. Quimby. He already has a tremendous audience on the *Christian Advocate*. We refer the suggestion in re-discussion on topics of the hour to Mr. Courier. . . .

Incidentally, Gabriel Courier is the whipping boy of *Christian Herald*. He is probably the most lambasted and beloved writer we have. You can't be lukewarm toward Gabriel; you either agree with him or you don't. He is the sort of writer who doesn't leave much middle ground upon which to meet his readers.

And while Reader Holmes seems to disagree with the necessity for his columns, we have discovered in polls of our readers that his department is the most-read and usually the first-read department in the magazine.

Editorially, we give Gabriel Courier his head and let him go. We think he does a pretty good job of pointing up current events with a Christian interpretation.

Spokane, Wash.

Dear Editor:

I always read Gabriel Courier's column with pleasure. In the November issue, he had item about the cars of 1960. In my opinion, the one item that the scientists left out was this: "A fool-proof driver behind the wheel." After all, the pedestrian's bones are still breakable.

A faithful reader,  
Mrs. Frank Broom

We agree. We'd only add, "A sober driver. . . ." Getting to the place where there are no fool-proof drivers seems to us a pretty large order. What we're really beginning to worry about is fool drivers of aeroplanes in the world of tomorrow.

The poem entitled "Winning The Peace," by Dr. William Hiram Foulkes, rises to embarrass the editor. We discover that it was printed some weeks ago by *Presbyterian Tribune*. Our apologies to the *Tribune's* editor, who has been nice enough to laugh it off!

CHRISTIAN HERALD



# "The FULL development of Individual Personality"

...a 6 point post-war program

by **THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY**



"Every citizen should have assured... freedom of worship..."

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by America's great philosopher, Dr. John Dewey, and by Dr. Hu Shih, recently Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Herewith we present a statement written for Americans and people throughout the world by the Most Reverend William Temple (Can-tuar), Archbishop of Canterbury.

**THE STRUCTURE OF LIFE** as we knew it before the war has already been profoundly modified. How far do we want to restore it if we can?

The task of the Church in face of social problems is to make good Christian men and women. That is by far its most important contribution.

But it is also part of the duty of a Christian to judge how far particular evils are symptoms of a disease deeper than the evils themselves.

Thus, in the economic field, goods are produced so that men can satisfy their needs by consuming them. If a system comes into being in which production is regulated more by profit than by the needs of the consumer, that system is symptomatic of something wrong.

There is nothing wrong about profits as such. It has always been recognized that both the producer and the trader are entitled to a profit which they have earned by their service to the community. But

it is possible, nonetheless, for these two to get in the wrong order. Then the consumer is treated only as a means to success... whereas he ought to be considered the whole end of the process.

If that is true, it is the duty of Christians to become aware of it and to demand a remedy. I offer these suggestions as a goal to aim at immediately:

- (1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled by under-feeding—or over-crowding, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.
- (2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.
- (3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.
- (4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour is directed to the well-being of the community.
- (5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.
- (6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of

speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

Utopian? Only in the sense that we cannot have it all tomorrow. But we can set ourselves steadily to advance towards that six-fold objective. It can all be summed up in a phrase: *the aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality in the widest and deepest possible fellowship.*

\* \* \*

I should give a false impression of my own convictions if I did not here add that there is no hope of establishing a more Christian social order except through the labour and sacrifice of those in whom the Spirit of Christ is active.

*William Cantuar:*

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

**NEVER BEFORE** in the world's history has the "brotherhood of man" been so close to reality as it is today.

For, the instant we win this war, all geographical barriers will disappear. London and Paris will be ten hours from New York—Chungking, China, twenty hours from San Francisco.

And this travel will not be just for the well-to-do. Pan American's knowledge of technological improvements (based on more than 120,000,000 miles of overseas flight) indicates that air travel costs will be brought within reach of the average man and woman.

Today, of course, Pan American's every transport facility is working overtime to help make possible the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built.

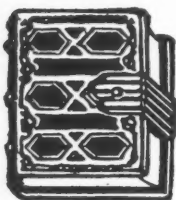
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

**Wings over the WORLD**

**PAN AMERICAN**



**CLIPPERS**



# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Chester Warren Quimby

JAN.  
3

## THE GLORY OF THE SON OF GOD

JOHN 1: 1-18

*This prologue, seemingly so forbidding, is not overly difficult. Like the rest of John, while profound, it is basically quite simple. It introduces Jesus by telling who He was, why He came, how He was received, what He did, and what He revealed.*

**WHO HE WAS.** Jesus was "the Word." To us this is the most difficult of all Jesus' titles. "Life" and "Light" have their difficulties, but we know them first hand. "Shepherd" and "Vine" are familiar, though rather remote from our experience. But what does "the Word" mean? Simply this: We reach each other only by signals. As long as I sit quiet and keep my mouth shut, you can know nothing of me beyond my physical appearance. Only as I speak or gesture, by a word, a shrug, a glance, which are signals, do I reveal anything about myself. "No man hath seen God," and if he could, that by itself would tell him nothing. Not until God speaks can we know who He is, what He wants and what He is like. This is why Jesus is "the Word." Jesus is God's way of speaking to us, of revealing Himself *through a life* so we can understand His character, His nature and His desires.

**WHY HE CAME.** Jesus came because "in Him was life; and the life was the light of men." "Life" here does not mean physical existence, but moral or spiritual life, called elsewhere in John "everlasting" or "eternal" life. In Jesus was displayed in perfect glory this hidden inner quality which belongs to all of us. This inner life of Jesus which we see displayed is the "light." Life itself is always light. Nothing throws clarity upon life like seeing some one live it out. Even bad living is light, for it illuminates the dark end of evil. Jesus lived out perfectly the will of God. His living is light upon the Divine Life, and upon the way human life may be lived to its full glory.

**HOW HE WAS RECEIVED.** "His own received Him not. But as many as received Him . . ." So John bluntly divides mankind into those who received Jesus and those who rejected him. Black

or white, with no grays. But this judgment is not so arbitrary as it appears. Wherever the gospel has gone, what other classes are there? Men have ever received or rejected Jesus.

**WHAT HE DID.** "To them gave He the right to become children of God." This is John's fine, homely phrase for "salvation." It presents a lovely picture. Human-kind, born of the will of the flesh, is transformed into a quality of life like Jesus' own. He was the Son. We are sons, children of God. To be a child is to have one's origin from, and possess qualities like one's father. So was Jesus the Son, so also did he make it possible that we should be "born of God."

**WHAT HE REVEALED.** "Grace and truth came through Jesus Christ." Law had come by Moses. Israel had known God as stiff and stern, a disciplinary schoolmaster, as Paul put it. But Jesus showed God to be also "grace and truth." Jesus revealed Him as beautiful and lovely. He made us understand that it is possible not only to fear and obey God, but also to be attracted to and like God.

JAN.  
10

## JESUS INSTRUCTS A GREAT TEACHER

JOHN 3: 1-16.

**THE CHARACTER OF NICODEMUS** was one of courage. It took courage for this member of the Jewish Supreme Court to humble himself to visiting a peasant carpenter from despised Galilee. It took greater courage later, in the face of ridicule, to defend Jesus in open court against illegal attempts toward his condemnation. It took highest courage at the end to honor Jesus, who had just been executed as Public Enemy Number One, by bringing a costly remembrance to his burial. Often Nicodemus is pictured as a coward who sneaked in to interview Jesus "by night." Some gentler interpreters suppose he chose the night because Jesus was too engrossed by day. But since the reference to hearing the wind indicates that the interview took place as the custom was, on the open roof-top, Nicodemus could hardly have been making a secret, surreptitious visit. Rather, John crowded a double meaning into "by night." Nicodemus came not only "by

night," but because he was as we say, "all in the dark" about his religion.

**HIS RELIGION** as a Pharisee strictly observing the Law was the noblest of his day. Because Jesus castigated the Pharisees, we are apt to conclude that all were hypocrites. But no hypocrite would have demeaned himself, as did Nicodemus, to consult with an untrained artisan. Nicodemus worshiped the one, holy God, the Covenanter with Israel, the promiser of the Messiah, the giver of the Commandments, and the inspirer of the prophets. His was a pure, noble and exacting faith. Yet, though a "teacher in Israel," he was quite in the dark.

**HIS PROBLEM** is a little difficult to analyze. Good as he was, Nicodemus was plainly not religiously happy or he would never have come to Jesus. The seriousness of the conversation shows that he came not from curiosity, but as an inquirer. Jesus' abrupt manner and stern words, "Ye must be born anew" suggest that Nicodemus was caught in the tangled technicalities of the Law. Jesus' further word, "Except one be born of . . . the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" suggests that Nicodemus expected a Jewish kingdom of earthly glory. Jesus turns his eyes inward upon his soul. There is the problem.

The solution is drastic. "Ye must be born anew." Again John uses a word with double intent. Born "anew" or "from above," which? The Greek can mean either. John means both. "Ye must be born anew from above." "Nicodemus, you cannot be renovated, remodelled, revamped, or rebuilt. You must go back to the beginning and start all over again. You need not only to be good outside, as you plainly are, but you need to be good inside. And that can only come from above as the gift of God."

The cost of such a rebirth is infinite. To Nicodemus, Jesus seemed to ask the impossible. He would never see any kind of a kingdom of God. "How can a man be born when he is old?" He cannot. No man can save himself. But, declares John, the cost has been met. In order to convince men that he is not merely stern and strict, but also full of grace and truth, eager for all men to be reborn as his children, God at pitiful cost to himself

(Continued on page 61)

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(Continued from page 17)

have sympathy, help, cooperation. But—after that training period is over, and we try to go to work in society and use that which we have learned—then comes the real heartbreak.

It is not just a question of employability. In factories alone there are twenty different jobs successfully held by blind persons, and many more could be found if a concerted effort were made to find them.

A nationally-known munitions company was persuaded recently to employ a blind man in one of their plants. The officials were skeptical at first, but they put him to work priming shells. The first day this man worked twenty-eight per cent of capacity. The fourth day he was working one hundred per cent of capacity. The feeling of accomplishment which that man experienced when he found himself doing the same work and receiving the same wages as his sighted fellow employees was immeasurable.

There are more than one hundred professions and trades in which blind persons are successfully engaged. But blind persons who have managed to find profitable employment are exceptions. For each one who has forced his way up to success there are hundreds of others who, discouraged by finding every door of opportunity closed, are living miserable, wasted lives as charges of the state.

"But," says the American public, "aren't there organizations to help these people, organizations that see to it that blind persons are given work?"

Yes, there are organizations for the blind in this country, more than six hundred in all, but twice that number could not find employment for a single blind person if the American employers did not consider that blind person worth hiring.

"The government is preparing an enormous rehabilitation program for blind soldiers," a social service executive said recently. "After the war there will be a great deal of work to be done rehabilitating these men and finding employment for them."

After the War! Are we trying to deceive ourselves into thinking that we can sit back in our easy chairs now and that after the war some benevolent genie in chin whiskers and tails will pop out of a cloud, set up all the blind in business with a broom machine and a monthly pension of twenty dollars, and that everybody will live happily ever after?

This problem of rehabilitation and placement is not something that can wait for tomorrow. It is with us *now*—forty thousand employable blind persons are asking for an opportunity to work, to prove that they can be useful, self-supporting members of society. The time to tackle this problem is not tomorrow but today, when there is a crying need for labor, when this nation needs its every ounce of strength.

Every blind person employed now and given the opportunity to prove that he can work as well as anyone means a place for a soldier who returns blind from the war. Leave it until after the war when jobs are scarce, when the public mind is no longer open to suggestion, and we will be floundering in the same disgraceful rut in which we are floundering today.



## "Everyone says you're tied to that baby's apron strings!"



1. That remark, coming from Doris, my sister-in-law, really irritated me. And to make it worse she went on about all the special things I had for the baby. "Special this, special that," she said, "and now even a special laxative."



2. "So," I said, "I suppose you think I'm spoiling the child! Well, let me tell you my own doctor told me that a baby *needs* special care. A baby isn't just a small-sized adult—its system is a lot more delicate and easily upset."



3. "That's why he approved my giving the baby a laxative made especially for children—Fletcher's Castoria. He told me it contains no harsh adult drugs, so it's safe and gentle and mild. I've found that it works wonderfully, too."



4. "And—since you seem to be so interested—Fletcher's Castoria won't upset the baby's stomach or interfere with appetite and digestion. Now do you see why I insist on having a laxative made *especially* for children?"



5. Later on, our druggist told Doris and me: "I recommend Fletcher's Castoria for babies and children up to 10 years old. Especially at this time of year, when colds are so prevalent, making proper elimination more important."



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle. And, the next time the baby needed a laxative I gave her Castoria. "See," I said to Doris, "it's even pleasant-tasting, so children like to take it." She just said, "Sister, you win!"

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

**Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA**  
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.





Posters, advice, and literature can be had through your local health center



The natural sugars and the iron content of molasses make this apple-raisin pie strong in nutritive value . . . and doubly strong in deliciousness

## Victory Lunch

BY ESTHER FOLEY



**N**INETEEN hundred forty-three rings in a new menu. Hardly a kitchen in the land but is touched by new restrictions, new plans, new cooking ways as a rich country accepts the discipline of rationing. This year the church suppers, the church dinners, the lunches served by the women's clubs will reflect the conditions that have changed our ways of using, of serving food.

No food must be wasted, no meal served unless it is actually one of the day's meals and not just a "holdover" until the family refrigerator can be reached. This because our food supply is counted, as a nation, and we shall have enough only if each and every one guards against waste.

So, make the first meeting of this year a Victory Lunch. It has been said that a poor lunch is a minor if not a major factor in causing lost production days. Is that man of yours, or that girl of yours too tired, too ill to report every day to work? It might be the lunch.

Perhaps women do not have too much to say about what goes into lunch. Maybe John says, "I want meat, and I

won't take anything but meat." And maybe he won't touch lettuce or carrots or anything besides meat but pie. The spread of the word Victory Lunch will help. Just the serving of such a meal will help—to the men's business clubs at noon, or to the general parish some Saturday night.

Any amount of fuss and advertising can be made about it. A letter to your local health center will bring a few posters for decoration. And one meal, packed as a lunch, standing ready in a box, open for inspection on a table, will make the point a keen one. This type of teaching is subtle and gets results. Men in defense work, or in office work, or in any of the types of work which are carrying out the plan for winning this war cannot be touched directly. The factories and the offices are too busy. But just to spread the word that there is such a thing as a Victory Lunch, through the natural medium of women's groups, will favorably affect some of those 8,000,000 lunches which are eaten by men and women in our factories every day.

A Victory Lunch must contain fruit, milk, meat (or eggs or fish or cheese or



A kidney stew, served very hot on toast or rice, is a lunch for a snappy day



No recipe needed for chicken stew . . . just a fowl (that's unrationed) plus any vegetables on hand

beans), bread, vegetables. In social gatherings it is best to use unrationed meats, at least until this business of rationing gets in working order. And it offers good practice in introducing dishes made of the less-known cuts.

Beef Liver Loaf  
Pickled Beets Creamed Potatoes  
Bread Butter  
Carrot Sticks  
Baked Apple  
Milk

In the lunch box, of course, the liver loaf would be a sandwich, but on the plate it is served sliced and hot, with a gravy made of tomato juice or the pan drippings.

### BEEF LIVER LOAF

3 pounds beef liver	3 cans evaporated milk
3 eggs	6 cups soft white bread crumbs
3 teaspoons salt	1/4 cup finely cut parsley
1 1/2 cups minced onions	

Drop liver into scalding water and let stand 5 minutes. It will then be firm enough to grind. Mix in order given with remaining ingredients. Turn into 3 loaf pans (8x4x3) and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes to 1 hour or until done. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

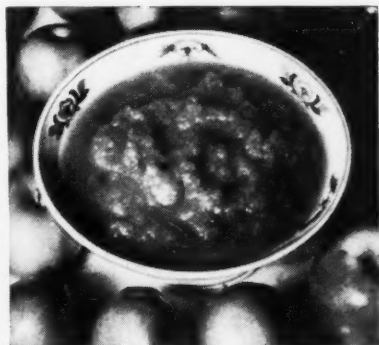
### Sauce

Combine drippings from the three pans and measure the fat. Add an equal quantity of flour and blend until smooth.

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Add water to thin to desired consistency, or add tomato juice. Cook until thick and season with salt, pepper and a dash of Worcestershire or other seasoning sauce. One quart of sauce will be enough for 25 portions.

Apple Juice  
Chicken Stew with Vegetables  
Scallions or Radishes  
Whole Wheat Bread and Butter  
Raisin Pocketbook Pies



Old-fashioned applesauce will add the crown to any meal . . . especially if it's sweetened, partly, with fresh apple cider

#### RAISIN POCKETBOOK PIES

1 quart and 1 pint apples, coarsely chopped  
6 cups raisins  
3 teaspoons cinnamon  
3/4 teaspoon allspice  
3/4 teaspoon ginger  
1/2 cup flour  
3 lemons, juice and rind, grated  
2 1/2 cups unsulphured old-fashioned molasses  
6 tablespoons butter  
Pastry for 3 double crust pies

Use good tart cooking apples. Pare, core, chop, then measure apples. Add raisins. Mix together spices and flour. Add lemon juice and rind and molasses and mix well. Add flour mixture. Put in pastry shell and dot top with butter. Cover with pastry. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes, then lower heat to moderate. Bake small pocketbook pies or turnovers, 20 minutes. A full-sized pie will require 50 minutes to bake done. Approximate yield: 3 9-inch pies or 25 pocketbook pies.

Hot Baked Beans with Pork  
Chili Sauce Cabbage Slaw  
Brown and White Bread Butter  
Jellied Orange Dessert  
Milk

#### JELLIED ORANGE DESSERT

1 1/2 quarts oranges, free from membrane and cut in pieces  
2 cups sugar  
5 packages orange-flavored gelatin  
1 1/4 quarts water

Combine oranges and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in warm water; pour over oranges. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve plain or with whipped cream garnished with a sprig of fresh mint or grated orange rind. Grapefruit may be substituted for oranges in this recipe, or mixtures of oranges and grapefruit, oranges and halved seeded grapes, (Continued on page 51)

## Kate Smith swaps stories with Mrs. Sherwin — of Shreveport, La.



Now THAT WAR WORK is causing irregular mealtimes in homes from coast to coast, this letter ought to be a real help!

"My husband is the type that thinks he has to have biscuits at every meal," writes Mrs. Jesse A. Sherwin, of Shreveport, La. "So I make up biscuits in the afternoon and put them in the icebox until he comes in for supper! And due to Calumet's double-action, I get grand results every time!"

"So MANY WOMEN tell me that Calumet batters and doughs can wait!" Kate answers. "Of course, it's because Calumet always waits till it hits the oven before acting a second time. So for light, fluffy, grand-tasting hot breads you sure can count on Calumet—even when meals are irregular!"

"Here's a meat-stretching idea I bet your family will go for—Hamburger Pinwheels. When Ted Collins, my manager, saw a batch of these fresh from the oven, he said, 'That's what I'd call a he-man dish, Kate, with all the trimmings!' And he's right!"



#### HAMBURGER PINWHEELS

3 tablespoons finely chopped onions  
1 tablespoon fat  
1 teaspoon salt  
Dash of pepper  
1/2 cup fine soft bread crumbs  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 pound ground beef  
2 cups sifted flour  
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup milk (about)

Sauté onions in fat until soft. Combine onions, salt, pepper, bread crumbs, milk, and meat; mix thoroughly.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 15 seconds. Roll into 12 x 9-inch rectangle. Spread with meat mixture and roll lengthwise as for jelly roll, wetting edge to seal. Cut in 12 slices; place on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Serve hot with Green Pea Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

der and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 15 seconds. Roll into 12 x 9-inch rectangle. Spread with meat mixture and roll lengthwise as for jelly roll, wetting edge to seal. Cut in 12 slices; place on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Serve hot with Green Pea Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

**GREEN PEA SAUCE.** Make 2 cups cream sauce, browning the butter and dissolving 2 bouillon cubes in the milk. Add 1/4 cup drained canned peas.

**NOTE:** For additional flavor, add 1/4 cup sautéed onions to dough mixture before adding milk.



(All measurements are level.)

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(Continued from page 14)

made *mechanically literate*; we must teach them how to organize their industry. If we don't, someone else will—for his own selfish purpose.

"Right here, you see, is where the new missionary will get to work. The West has been 'stepping in,' in the East, for a long, long time. But stepping in *how*? To make money! Read the history of the West in the East for the last hundred and fifty years, and aside from the missionary effort (which has never been quite enough of an effort) it has been nothing more nor less than the history of exploitation. We had commercial axes to grind, big profits to make. But with the coming of the peace there will come a time when we must do away with that and go there for something else: *we must go to the people of the East not to exploit them but to help them build a higher standard of living.* It may be a bit hard for us to do it, at first, but if we want peace, we'd better do it.

"What we've got to do, if we want a world decent enough to live in, is to live up to what the East thinks we are. It's up to us to practice the brotherhood we've been preaching about; we must identify *their* people with *our* people and make them all *one* people. And we can do that only when we make of our religion a matter of every-day living for all people everywhere, the world around.

"Think what a chance missions have to help us do that! The missionary sees humanity as one lump—as just one great mankind in which all men are as one, equal, brothers. What a chance he has to beat down the old Eastern hatred of Western exploitation that simply must be beaten down before East and West can live in peace together! With his mission schools, he has been the most outstanding foe of Oriental illiteracy, for a century and a half; with his teachers of engineering he has been preaching the gospel of good roads; with his agricultural experts in the village he has been prac-

ticing the gospel of getting more, more, more out of the good earth. With his doctors and surgeons and nurses in his missionary hospitals he has been fighting human pain in the name of the Great Physician, regardless of race, creed or color. What a chance the missionary has now. He can bring us—*peace!*"

There was an hour to wait for a train; I went out to pay another call, on a man I always visit when I go to Washington. He sits in a great stone chair in a glorious Greek temple at the end of a long lagoon, looking wistfully toward the Capitol dome. He once saved the nation and the American way of life and he set four million people free and he had a homespun, down-to-earth, God-is-in-the-soil, utterly homely and practical sort of religious faith that made him see all men, black or white, as the common children of a common God. He sees no difference between a black skin and a white, a yellow or a brown. His name is Abraham Lincoln and once, in the bitterest darkness of the Civil War, when Washington was in even more of a turmoil than it is now, he cried to a discouraged and half-beaten people, "We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth."

I stood at his feet and looked back toward the Capitol dome and the Senate Office Building and I told my jumping heart that there were at least two sure, steady minds and hearts that knew what it was all about, that saw the road ahead that mankind must go down tomorrow, two who could give directions if we could stop our frantic, howling haste and stand still a moment and listen.

And I knew, too, that the last best hope of earth in our day lay, not in politicians' schemes or marching troops or statesmen gathered around peace tables, but in the hollow of the hand of the missionary who will be going tomorrow down to the ends of the earth to make all mankind a brotherhood, all the soil of earth holy ground on which man will walk once more in comradeship with God and in a brotherhood unconquerable.

(Continued from page 33)

guidance for the road ahead. When we lie down to sleep on a train, we are made to feel secure both by the searchlight of the engine boring down in the darkness ahead and by the faithful trainman who sets his flare behind us when the cars are halted. Likewise God renders us this double service. He is the Eternal that goes in front of us to guide; He is the rear-guard that protects us from pursuers.

But how, we may well ask, does God protect us from the pursuing past? Does God "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow" or "raze out the written troubles of the brain?"

Well, God does not wipe out the memory of the evils we have suffered or the sins we have committed. The scars remain. But He floods those memories with his forgiving grace. He can transform our very wounds into sources of strength. "He breaks the power of canceled sin: He sets the prisoner free." God leaves us with our past, but takes away its control over us. That wrong we did we can still remember, but with God's

help we do not repeat it. The remembrance of our sins humbles us, but the sins themselves can no longer humiliate us. That's what God does.

In these uprooting times we must learn the art of leaving—leaving our homes and our loved ones, leaving our joys and our sorrows. But remember God goes along. The Eternal goes in front of us, and our rear-guard is Israel's God. With his guarding presence we can face any future, even death itself.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each  
shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at  
night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained  
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."



(Continued from page 22)

the means of conditioning the very atmosphere in which all personality develops. Control of every avenue of communication, of every school, printing office, press bureau, radio chain and public meeting, means a type of domination which has to be seen and felt to be appreciated. Against such demonic power as that, no piecemeal opposition will avail. The churches are beginning to understand the truth of what Dan Poling so wisely said when he returned from his last world-wide tour: "The world is shouting to the Church, 'Unite or perish'!" A cooperative sort of unity is growing as a direct response to this deadly challenge.

But it needs to grow much faster and to receive much more general support than has yet been given it. The time will come when those who have refused to see the significance of the struggle will mourn their blindness. Stanley High has recently written of the "Church Unmilitant." Much that he says is painfully true. Yet it is not the whole story, as he would be the first to admit. There has been a vast awakening, and if one gathers the writings of the ablest and most representative leaders of the churches it will be seen that there is a body of wisdom and insight which will redound to the credit of the whole Church. The "interpreter's house" for the crisis of these years will prove to have been the house of God as it has been in ages gone!

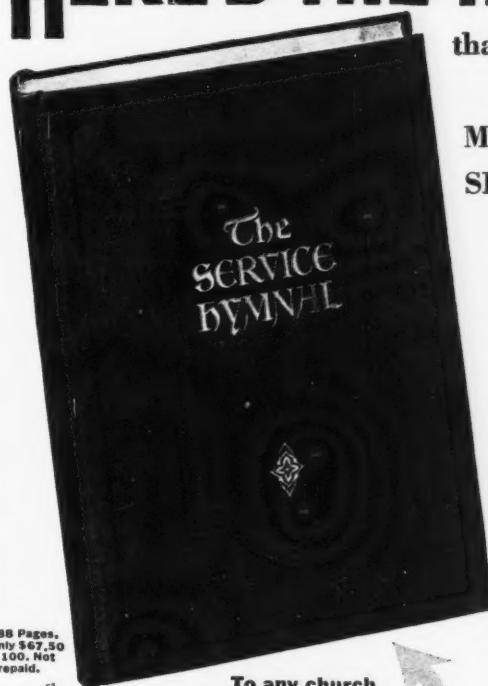
Finally, there is a field of activity related to the war with which the churches are intimately and vitally concerned. It has to do with the bases of "a just and durable peace." All over the world able students are at work thinking through the implications of what has happened in our century—already the bloodiest century in human history. In each major country there is a well-organized framework of conference and research. Beginning with the World Conference on Church, State, and Society in Oxford, 1937 (then thought to be concerned with a mere theoretical question of no practical moment to the rank and file of citizens!), this process of study has developed. The center of direction is at the Geneva office of the World Council of Churches. We have a Commission working on it in America, under the chairmanship of Dr. John Foster Dulles, distinguished lawyer and participant in many of the most important international conferences of recent years; as I write, Dr. Dulles and Dr. Walter Van Kirk are flying to England in the interests of this work of study and planning. The hope of influencing the making of the peace is obviously dependent upon the most thorough kind of thinking. It is likewise dependent upon a degree of unity not yet achieved.

In conclusion, it seems hardly necessary to stress the fact that, as a simple deduction from the story which has been unfolded before our eyes in these crowded years, the Church is intimately involved in the war even though it remains true that the Church as such is not at war. When the history of our time comes to be written, one can only pray that the record of the Church will in some degree measure up to its opportunities!

JANUARY 1943

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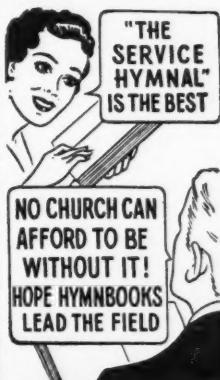
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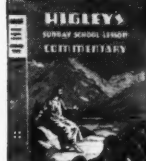


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## NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

*A High Wind Rising*, by Elsie Singmaster. (296 pp., Houghton Mifflin Co., \$2.50.) The Pennsylvania immigrants who discovered the valleys and streams of the Blue Mountains before the French and Indian War are the heroes and heroines of this splendid novel. The story deals with Sebastian, who had been kidnapped and reared by the Indians. The picture is authentic and the style thrilling.

*Thorofare*, by Christopher Morley. (469 pp., Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.75.) Those who admire Christopher Morley will be happier with this volume than with any that has come from his pen in a dozen years. The origin of the novel is in the early days of the war when British children (and I think mistakenly) were coming in large numbers to America. The author transfers experiences to an earlier time but the mood and the spirit are of the present. The characters are thrillingly lifelike. They live and suffer and achieve.

*Reprisal*, by Ethel Vance. (334 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50.) *Escape* was a best seller and *Reprisal*, with its story of twenty hostages who are to be shot for the murder of a German officer, travels at the same exhilarated emotional pace. Love comes out of tragedy and horror.

*Our Eternal Contemporary*, by Walter Marshall Horton. (180 pp., Harper & Bros., \$2.00.) The theme of this volume is the doctrine of Christ, and the issue posed is Christ or anti-Christ. The author is one of the most convincing writers of our time in the field of theology. He will not satisfy those of the profound evangelical tradition and he would hardly be chosen as the defender of the Faith against all other faiths, but he has scholarship and the Christ-like spirit.

*The Edge of the Abyss*, by Alfred Noyes. 169 pp., E. P. Dutton, \$2.00.) One of the timeliest books that has appeared in the philosophical field since the absolute state emerged. Here is a brilliant indictment. Another has written "an explosive indictment of totalitarianism and of bureaucracy wherever found". It is a defense of that which has made men free.

*It Happened Like This*, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. (320 pp., Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50.) The author of "If Winter Comes" and of "He Looked for a City" has scored again. Acute suspense and deep emotion are united to move profoundly both mind and soul. It is an achievement indeed to produce so great a thing as this in a time such as ours.

*This is the Enemy*, by Frederick Oechsner with the United Press Staff. (364 pp.,

Little, Brown & Co., \$3.00.) Such a volume could hardly have been written by one man; five men have collaborated to appraise Germany as the super-enemy of democracy and Christian civilization. The material on how the Nazis use propaganda and their proposal to control the American press is startling. Studies of Hitler and of the personalities surrounding him are vivid. The conclusions of these correspondents constitute a grave warning to the Allies.

*The Life of Christ Visualized*—Book I. (Standard Publishing Company 40 pp. in color, 35c.) This first book of the four book series has two hundred and twenty illustrations in color. It tells continuously the Gospel story of Jesus from Bethlehem's manger to the calling of the Twelve. It is the first production of its kind—not a cartoon book but an authentic, reverent presentation in full color, drawn by four well-known Bible artists. Accompanied by white gift envelopes it makes an ideal gift and may be secured in quantity at \$3.50 a dozen. I find it "Biblical, inspirational, educational, reverent and artistic."

*Songs for Children*, compiled by Rubye Patton Nordgren & Mildren Anderson Lekberg. (Augustana Book Concern, 127 pps., \$1.00.) This collection of hymns and other songs for smaller children is designed perfectly to meet the needs of both home and church. The volume makes a definite contribution to the child's spiritual life. The selections are suited to the voices and abilities of little children. Also the author has not made the mistake of shutting out a few simple and less scholarly numbers.

*What About Germany*, by Louis P. Lochner. (395 pp., Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.00.) The author was for fourteen years chief of the Associated Press in Berlin and for five years he kept a daily diary. Perhaps he answers, in these pages, the question which titles his book. He tells us what Germany is today. Having access to confidential papers as well as to his own wide experiences, he has produced a masterpiece in its field.

*The Parables*, with drawings by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. (44 pp., Harper & Bros., \$2.50.) This is one of the most beautiful books that I have seen in the religious field. The drawings are especially vital and convincing. The text is from the Scriptures.

*The Lifted Lamp*, by Grace Noll Crowell. (55 pp., Harper & Bros., \$1.00.) A new volume of poems by the most popular of *Christian Herald* poets. These pages breathe of faith and sing of courage.

## EMORY UNIVERSITY THEOLOGY LIBRARY

(Continued from page 47)

or oranges, grapefruit and grapes may be used. Approximate yield: 32 portions.

Beef Kidney Stew  
Lettuce or some Green with  
French Dressing  
Hard Rolls Butter  
Applesauce  
Sugar Cookies  
Milk

Serve stews in a thin gravy and serve them in flat soup bowls. They stay hot longer and give a chance to sop up the gravy with bits of the hard roll. The flavor is wonderful.

Kidneys can be hastened if well trimmed of all fat and skin and white membrane before cooking. Then one boil up, beginning in cold water, will be enough. Rinse well and then begin the final preparation. These often come frozen into your market. Use them as soon as possible, thawing out in cold water. Kidneys spoil quickly after they have been thawed.

### BEEF KIDNEY STEW

4 pounds beef kidneys	pepper
1 cup flour	2 quarts onions, chopped
3/4 cup fat	2 quarts potatoes, diced
1 1/2 tablespoons salt	1 cup evaporated milk
	1/4 cup vinegar

Prepare kidneys. Cut in small pieces, place in a kettle of water and bring to a boil. Drain and blanch under cold water. Roll in flour and brown quickly in butter. Add salt, pepper, onions and potatoes, cover with boiling water and simmer until tender. Add evaporated milk and vinegar just before serving. Approximate yield: 25 portions.

Orange or Tomato Juice  
Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Creamed  
Salt Cod  
Carrots Julienne  
Bread Butter  
Peppermint Tapioca  
Tea or Coffee

### PEPPERMINT TAPIOCA

1 box quick cooking tapioca	1 gallon milk, scalded
1 tablespoon salt	4 (2 1/2 ounces) egg yolks, well beaten
1 1/4 pounds peppermint candy, crushed	4 (4 ounces) egg whites, stiffly beaten

Add quick cooking tapioca, salt and candy to milk, and cook over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Pour small amount over egg yolks, stirring constantly; return to remaining tapioca mixture and continue cooking and stirring 3 to 5 minutes, or until thickened. Pour over egg whites and blend. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. Chill. Serve in sherbet or parfait glasses with chocolate sauce or chocolate caramel sauce. Garnish with whipped cream; top with a minted green cherry or sprinkle with grated chocolate or crushed peppermint candy. Approximate yield: 36 portions.

The servings at lunch are considerably smaller than at dinner except for those who do hard physical work. It is not so much the amount of food that goes to make the mid-day meal a Victory Lunch as the types of food, in good and varied combination. The raw materials for a Victory Lunch should not cost more than 20 to 25 cents. If the charge is 35 to 50 cents, enough profit can be made to satisfy even those who remember better days.

In a box lunch, the sandwiches keep

better if made with just the filling. Carrot sticks, loosely rolled lettuce, tomatoes, scallions, radishes, should be wrapped separately and tucked in the last thing before the box is closed. These are called nibbles, and take care of mid-morning hunger. Often a milk station is available at the office or factory. But if soft drinks are served, put a thermos bottle of milk in the lunch box. Soft drinks won't hurt, but milk is a must at noon. An orange, a tangerine, an apple, in dessert form or fresh, is the best dessert. A piece of cake or a couple of cookies can be put in for pleasure, but see that, for Victory's sake, the fruit gets in first. Paper containers are devised so that foods of all types may be safely carried in a lunch box.

## Food At The Moment

**P**LENTY of something is news. The 1942 cucumber harvest is over eight million bushels, and this will be enough pickles to supply both army and civilian requirements. The army will get the fancy grades. Civilians will get standard grades, and maybe not all in glass. The old pickle barrel may soon stand side by side with the kraut barrel in the grocery stores.

**Y**OUTH dictates advertising themes. Grapefruit will be known this year as "commando fruit." The game of war carries on—in the fox holes in the vacant lot, at the breakfast table.

**S**ALT is now used on the fire as well as on the steak. One to two cups a day is said to destroy soot that accumulates in furnaces. It forms a vapor which settles on soot, and makes soot burn up so that it does not stifle the flow of heat from the burning coal. Grocers will have a new sign to put up—"Salt will cut your coal bill."

**A** SPECIAL white rice is being developed which has all the nutritional properties of brown rice and none of its long-cooking characteristics. After a preliminary cleaning, by the manufacturer, the rice grain is put into a steam and pressure tank. In this process the B vitamins are dissolved into the water from the brown coating. And then the water is absorbed by the rice kernels, and presto, the B vitamins are all through the rice kernels, not just outside, as nature intended. Then the rice kernels are vacuum dried and milled to whiteness. Then conditioned until the remaining moisture is evenly distributed, and when ready for packaging the rice is white and highly translucent with almost the vitamin content of the unmilled rice. Clever. Watch for this on the market.

**V**ERY soon, perhaps, a small white spot will appear on each individual package of food in the retail stores. To hold the price mark. A good idea because women want to know the price before they select the goods, and in a self-service store the idea would be a time-saver.

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(Continued from page 19)

Recently there came from the Bureau of Census in Washington an astonishing report.

Within two years the production of fiction stories in the United States dropped fifty per cent.

During the same period the sale of the Holy Bible increased by two million five hundred thousand copies.

Of course there is no fundamental conflict between truth as interpreted in story form and truth in expository teaching. Jesus told excellent stories called parables. But it is a fact that most fiction stories today are frivolous. The trend revealed in the Census Bureau report reflects a hunger for nourishment of the human spirit, a revolt from both the illusion of sugary romance and the disillusion of skeptics—a flight back to pure truth.

The materialist is forced to argue that man has no moral responsibility, unless he invent for himself a system of ethical culture based not upon truth, but upon convenience. And we now see that such a system cannot restrain the lawless from doing their worst. With no moral responsibility, man is free to attempt any deed which he thinks he can get away with. Might becomes right. The fittest survive over the graves of the weaklings they slew. Such is the law of the jungle and such is the law of Hitler. We see that law carried by fire and sword from the Mediterranean to the North Sea and from the Coral Sea to the coast of New Jersey; materialism is in full cry, atheism at last has its prophet made flesh.

Upon the hideous spectacle mankind looks and knows it is wrong. With renewed faith it comes to us that it cannot last because it is eternally wrong. While materialism runs its course like a plague over the world, the earth still turns in its

mysterious revolutions, obedient to an established and perfect rhythm. Can Hitler stop the sun in its course? Can he alter the movement of our earth? And as the earth moves, the white spires and crosses of uncounted village churches in Germany as well as in England, in Rome as in Washington, still rise like pointing fingers to the God of the universe, whose course runs through eternity.

Once it looked as if rationalism would empty the churches under these spires—as if the faithful would forsake the altars of mercy to bow before the golden calf. But the people have seen what comes of paying tribute to the idol in the market place. They watch with horror the march of the Philistines. No more than the materialist can they see God, but in blood and death they can feel His presence; in agony they are finding the faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Even Stalin heard the cry for the Crucifix.

So we are not reading so many frivolous novels and we are buying more Holy Bibles. We are turning back to the white spires and the crosses.

Has Hitler brought this about?

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!

I offer you as the first of three great and permanent realities, that right is greater than might and in the end will surely prevail; that force and cruelty cannot long dominate this world.

Caesar comes and Caesar goes!

Napoleon comes and Napoleon goes!

Hitler comes and Hitler goes!

He is still here, say you? In the timelessness of God that man is already past tense.

(Mr. Oursler rewrote this article for *Christian Herald* on the basis of material found in his book, "Three Things We Can Believe In," published by Revell and sold at one dollar.)

(Continued from page 25)

that, they made public confession of their error, public, written, specific statements of their remorse. It is one of the most astounding peaks of moral courage ever reached by ordinary people.

For these were not saints, or religious leaders, those men and women of Salem who stood up, first to resist the idea on which the trials were being conducted (with perfect legality, remember this, by measures specified in the English law-courts) and then as their courage spread to others, who brought the whole nightmare to an end, opening the doors of the prisons, less than six months after the beginning of the trouble, and setting free all those who had been arrested. They were just plain American Colonials, your great-greats and mine, big merchants and sailors and small store-keepers and farmers, who voted in the First Church of Salem to go on record as follows:—"We are, through God's mercy to us, convinced that we were at that dark day under the power of the errors which then prevailed in the land." The members of the convicting jury were to their glory and our inspiration, ordinary folks, like any other jury, but they united in a public statement in which they said, "We justly fear that we were sadly mistaken."

The law against witchcraft by which it was punishable by death by burning, remained on the English statute books until 1703. Nine years before that date, in 1696, a legal proclamation called the people of Salem to keep a public fast-day on January 14, 1697, to "improve that the anger of God might be turned away" from them for those Salem executions. The General Court reimbursed to the heirs of the executed persons most of the loss suffered by them. In Scotland a witch was executed in 1722 (the statute against witchcraft not being there repealed until 1735). Nineteen years before that, the ministers of Essex County in Massachusetts addressed a memorial to the General Court saying "there is great reason to fear that innocent persons then suffered (in the Salem trials) and that God may have a controversy with the land upon that account."

There, my fellow-Americans is an example for us to pray for strength to follow. When we have the moral courage to act thus, in regard to our errors, faults, injustices and crimes, committed in our relations to our fellow Americans and fellow human beings of other races, then and then only shall we deserve to step up to where the "Salem witchcraft hunters" stand, their heads bowed in Christian remorse.

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(Continued from page 23)

retary of Allied Youth, my job is to talk in American high schools about the alcohol problem. If you think it is an easy job, you try it. I have literally been fed to the lions!

For example, take Palo Alto, the California home town of Mr. Herbert Hoover. I went to the high school there. The principal said, "Mr. Breg, instead of talking about Allied Youth (I usually spend about thirty minutes reporting to young people on how other young people are facing the alcohol problem) we want you to talk about the scientific phases of the question." Not being a scientist, I stepped out, with quite a few misgivings, before a large open-air assembly. You could see a smile creep across the students' faces, indicating embarrassment because I was talking about alcohol in their presence. The attitude among the seniors was, "Well, you don't expect to get away with that in *our* school, do you?" I came down at the close feeling that I had been in the arena with the lions. But I found a few young people waiting to talk with me. For forty minutes they poured out to me a whole series of incidents, some of them tragedies. They had discovered that alcohol represented a real problem to young people. They told of accidents and injuries, broken homes, and economic situations. In the closing moments, a very sophisticated leader said, "We had been wondering if there wasn't something we could do about it."

That definitely presents the attitude of a great many thinking young people today who understand that alcohol is *their* problem.

Who can say what results might have come from the establishing of Allied Youth in our high schools? In one high school where Allied Youth was organized by a few young people some years ago, it has become the most successful organization in the school; Easter vacation experiences that formerly produced quite a bit of drinking among the students of the school are no longer so difficult to deal with. At another school, the faculty, Parent-Teacher organization, and police co-operated to reduce the amount of drinking. In former days in that school, the Senior Class breakfast produced a great crop of drinkers. This is no longer true. Other high schools in the vicinity still have their troubles. Through the leadership of youth, who have been well counselled, the drinking problems of this school have been greatly reduced.

The Educational Policies Commission in its recent publication, "A War Policy for American Schools," calls attention to the need for education of high school youth concerning alcohol: "Health instruction in the schools should be maintained at full efficiency. Scientific instruction in personal and public hygiene, including instruction concerning the effects of stimulants should reach each youth of high school age."

Taking all these matters into consideration, it is evident that high school principals and superintendents of schools have a great ally in Allied Youth. For years we have built an approach that is sometimes amazing in its results. It captures the imagination of young people and interests them in large numbers.

JANUARY 1943



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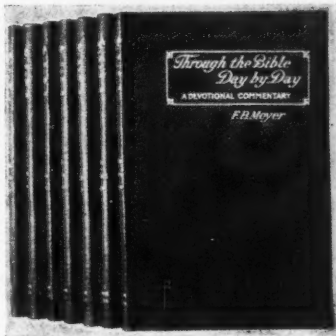
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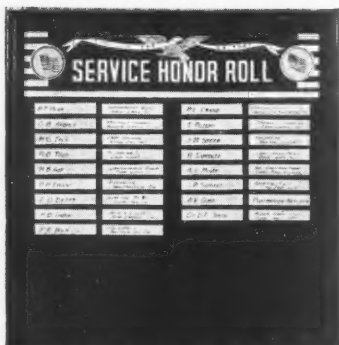
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(Continued from page 28)

escaped pig through the littered yard. Mrs. Goss opened the door as Nancy reached the sagging piazza.

"Is Uncle Nathan here?" Nancy inquired.

"He's around somewhere. Shouldn't wonder if he's up in his room." Amanda's heavy face was furrowed deep with discontent, and her faded print dress was none too clean. "Go on up, if you want," was her ungracious permission.

Nancy felt her way up a dark and narrow stairway. At the end of a dimly lit hall, she knocked at a closed door.

"Hello, hello, what's wanted?" a voice quavered.

"It's only me—it's Nancy, Uncle Nathan."

In a moment the girl was on her knees beside the thin figure of an old man. He had been asleep on an unpainted wooden settle in one corner of the hot chamber, with a folded coat for a pillow.

"Why, so 'tis! Paul's little girl. It's good to see you, child," he added sitting up erectly.

Old Samp, Uncle Nathan's inseparable companion, was stretched on the floor before the couch. Samp was known throughout the region as the best hunting dog on Deerwander. He raised his fine old head to regard Nancy with puzzled wonder.

"Guess I must have been napping," Uncle Nathan considered cheerfully. Then, after a pause, and attempting to conceal his eagerness, he questioned Nancy. "You weren't planning to go up home for nothing? I could walk up with you as well as not."

"Yes, I—wanted to." Nancy's throat hurt her, and her eyes were too dim for safety on the dark stairs.

IT WAS a mild April day, the frost not yet all out of the ground and the road muddy, but Nancy felt freer and more cheerful during their walk than she had for many days.

It was nearing sunset when they reached the weather-browned house, under its dooryard elms. Old Samp flung himself down on the worn piazza floor and laid his nose on his paws with a long sigh, the picture of contentment.

They entered the silent kitchen. "You run along upstairs and get the book you left here the last time you visited," he said. "I'll just sit here and rest a spell."

He sat down wearily beside the empty wood range, in the old splint-bottomed chair, the rockers of which were worn thin and straight by fifty years of use. His eyes were on the distant line of mountains. Nancy knew that he had forgotten her, and crept away upstairs.

In the hall she stumbled over the clothes-basket filled with dishes. Everywhere things had been packed in barrels, tied in bundles, or moved from their accustomed places, ready for the Gosses to cart away or to be sold with the farm, if anyone could be found to buy.

Nancy crouched down by the window in the chamber she and Elva had shared, and tried to think; but thoughts of self would not come. Before her eyes was a picture of a thin, stooped-shouldered old man, with the sunshine falling on work-worn, folded hands. There were teardrops on the window-sill as Nancy raised her

head, but her gray eyes burned with a steady fire of resolution.

"I know there's the children," she said aloud, as if admitting the argument of an opponent. "And I don't know how I can earn a penny here, but I will, somehow. I'll do anything, bear anything, rather than see those folded hands."

NANCY entered the kitchen, where Uncle Nathan sat forlornly in the midst of the bleak confusion of his household goods; and energy and enthusiasm came with her. A spark of interest showed in the old man's dulled eyes as she briskly lifted the lids of the cracked stove and poked within.

"What do you say, Uncle Nathan, to our staying here tonight? If the goods are moved tomorrow, we'll never have another chance."

"Sure we could," the old man joined in tremulously, "just as well as not."

"I'm hungry," Nancy confessed, "and I know there's enough right here in the

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house for supper. I can make some biscuits; but first I'll run down and tell Amanda that you're not coming back tonight, and telephone Aunt Roxa not to expect me. We'll light a fire so you'll feel more homey while I'm away."

When the fire was crackling cheerily, Nancy left her uncle stepping about briskly, filling the teakettle and bringing in wood from the shed. She hurried down the mountain on her errand. After explaining Uncle Nathan's change of plan to Peter Goss, she telephoned to Aunt Roxa that she would be home in the morning. Nancy trudged back up the mountain road, committed irrevocably to the task she had set herself. That there would be little opposition to her plan from Aunt Roxa she well knew. That good woman had made it very plain that her orphan nieces would be an unwanted burden and a sore trial to herself and to her melancholy husband, their seldom seen Uncle Giles, who was afflicted with biliousness.

When Nancy came in sight of the old brown house there was a lamp twinkling bravely in the window. Uncle Nathan



met her on the road.

"I saw Mr. Goss and he said to tell you that you could fetch old Charlie and the cow in the morning."

"He said—what are you talking about, child?" exclaimed the puzzled old man. "You come in. I've fried some bacon and some stewed apples, and the flapjacks are just right."

"Uncle Nathan," questioned Nancy, "don't you suppose that you and I and the children could get along up here just by ourselves? Live here, I mean."

"Why—why, you didn't think we could, did you?" Uncle Nathan's old rocker squeaked as he shoved it back excitedly. "You wouldn't be willing to stay, would you?"

"Willing!" echoed Nancy indignantly, "I love it here, and I'm bound and determined to stay if it's possible. And how Linnie and Penny would love it! Couldn't we plan every way to earn and save and just live here all together?"

Uncle Nathan sat a long time, silent and motionless in the old rocker. "I wouldn't do it if I didn't think we could manage and give Paul's children a more comfortable home than they'd have with their Aunt Roxa. Bless you, child, you always did have a way of understanding."

In a few minutes Uncle Nathan arose, wound the clock, and eagerly began to push chairs and the comfortable old denim-covered couch into their accustomed places. He dragged the wood-box in from the shed, lit the lantern, and brought in armfuls of neatly-split wood, while Nancy watched his zeal with a tender smile.

"It's not too late for sap to run, for there's snow-banks yet in the woods, and I'll tap the maples tomorrow," he planned.

"Are the flying squirrels still in the pine grove?" asked Nancy. "If I won't disturb you, I'll take my flute and see if I can call them, as I used to. . ."

The dark shape came into a patch of moonlight, and the flute dropped from Nancy's hands. She was staring unbelievably at a bear cub ambling contentedly through the familiar woods.

Nancy caught a pine branch that shadowed the rock and was on the point of swinging herself into the tree, when a voice shouted, "Here, Bruno! Stop it! Come here, I say!" and a tall, slim boy in worn corduroys and high boots loped into view.

"Take him away!!" she shouted.

"I'm most awfully sorry," the boy apologized contritely. "Everybody around here knows Bruno, for he follows me like a dog. I'm Jerry Mead you know."

Nancy recognized the stranger now as the new boy that year at high school.

"So your father is Joel Mead," Nancy said slowly. "He owns the old Windover Game Park which takes in nearly all of Deerwander Mountain. I've heard of him—and his pioneers. Uncle Nathan says that they have a lot of grit, and that some of them are—pathetic."

Nancy gravely slipped off the rock. "If you'll hold back that prowling beast maybe I can reach the house in safety. Good night, Jerry Mead."

Her last thought as she dropped to sleep was to wonder if perhaps the shining little twinkle would not be back in Uncle Nathan's eyes in the morning.

(To be continued)

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(Continued from page 37)

have him running around with you. Imagine! Mr. Robinson said he saw him sitting down right in the middle of that muddy old barnyard."

Dan and I changed looks.

"He—he didn't say anything else?"

Dan asked.

"Yes, he did! Said he came to get his car registered and he doesn't know why he had to walk all over tunket looking for a public servant, meaning you, Daniel Felker. I don't know but that he's right!"

"Ye-e-es, maybe you're right, Carrie."

Dan said.

And we went down and helped get Sebastapol Pete into the cattle truck. We told her about it at noon time, when Pete was gone, because we knew that cattle dealer wouldn't keep it to himself. In fact, we only beat the telephone by minutes, someone calling her up to say how glad they were Dan was safe and how brave Mr. Robinson was.

She turned on us, then, and gave us what-for. "You two men, standing there, paralyzed—your own flesh and blood, Dan Felker!—while our Danny is within an inch of a horrible death! And a man, a stranger, yes, and a man I've heard you disparage more'n once, both of you, walks into the jaws of death and saves him!"

"Cool as a cucumber, too, wasn't he, Harry?" Dan said, admiringly.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; you're going over to the Robinsons this very afternoon and thank him, and apologize. Or else you won't find life pleasant for you around here for a while."

We drove over right after dinner. Dan and me, with some preserves Mrs. Felker made us take to the Robinsons. We didn't either of us feel too comfortable, but it was the only right thing to do.

We came in by the side door and they came out into the kitchen to us. Dan reached out his hand and shook Robinson's. "I just came over to thank you for what you did this morning," he said, kind of stammering. "I—I was sorry I wasn't there in time, myself."

Mr. Robinson said, "That wasn't anything. Only sensible thing to do. I figured you hadn't seen it or you'd have been there yourself in a jiffy. I'm glad you came over, though, so I can get this auto registration cleaned up. I can pay you the money and send the papers on to Concord."

Dan tried to get back onto the subject. "My wife said I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I guess I am."

Mr. Robinson looked a little bit surprised. "Don't know as you should, any more than her. After all, it's a pretty small thing. I almost thought I shouldn't have interfered."

"Shouldn't have—" Dan began. "Shouldn't have—I!" But Mr. Robinson turned and went out of the room. "Mrs. Robinson," Dan said, "your husband is about the bravest and modestest man I ever saw." He would have said more, but Robinson came back in, with the registration papers, and before we knew it we were in the car again. Dan started the motor, then shut off the switch again.

"Harry," he said, "I forgot to tell him I'll send over a regular receipt for the registration money as soon as I get home." I went back to the side porch. Just as I

got there, I heard Robinson's voice, so I stopped, kind of.

"These Yankees," he was saying, "they got me beat. I went over to Felker's this morning, went down to their barn, looking for him, and there's that boy of theirs playing in the mud in the barnyard. I felt I should have let the brat stay there, having his fun, but then I thought he might catch cold sitting on the damp ground. So I picked him up and brought him up to his ma. He'd crawled through the fence, I guess. And for a little thing like that he comes over to thank me. Anybody'd think I saved his life, the way Felker stuttered. He muttered and stammered so I could hardly read his lips."

Then I heard his wife speaking, and recalled how she always speaks so slow and careful. "He seemed to admire you, Henry. He said you were so brave and modest. Do you suppose, somehow, he heard?"

"Heard?" Robinson snorted. "Brave? Modest? What's brave about losing your hearing in a quarry blast? I'm not modest; I just don't want people to know I'm deaf and start shouting all over the place at me."

I sneaked back to the car. I didn't tell Dan; I won't tell anyone. They'll still be calling him a prideful man, but they'll say he's a brave one, too. Let sleeping dogs lie, say I.

(Continued from page 31)

would help us see this thing through.

Chimes! The New Year was in! We stood waiting for the Benediction. Instead, an usher handed each of us a little unlighted candle. Suddenly all the electric lights were off, and we were once more in the dim little sanctuary with its one lighted altar candle.

The young minister touched the dead wick of the candle he held to the flame of the altar candle, then came down to light those the ushers carried. They, in turn, lit the candles of the first worshiper in each pew, who lit that of his neighbor. Soon the whole church glowed with candles, God's purpose burning in every one, making it holy.

We held our candles aloft during the singing of the last hymn. Hefty sang it like a crusader laying his sword on some ancient altar.

Standing motionless before the altar, his face exalted, the minister spoke to us—to himself, also—"For even the Son of man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister—and to give His life."

In the solemn silence that followed, how earnestly we dedicated ourselves to the demands and disciplines of the New Year! Then, as the minister placed his candle on the altar, we extinguished ours.

"Doesn't it seem," puzzled Hefty, "as if God were alive again?"

He was carefully carrying his little half-candle. "Taking it home with me," he grinned, "to put in Tim's lantern."

On our doorstep, he stopped long enough to tell me his New Year's resolution. "It'll make Dad happy," he said. "It's this. I'm going to be a soldier—a good soldier!"

His voice broke. He began to whistle. "Wishing you a gallant New Year," I said.

(Continued from page 39)

already up, seated on the cot pulling on his shoe. He had a lean, hard face with thin lips.

"What's the matter, kid, can't yuh take it?" asked the man. "Yuh kept me awake half the night blubberin' and talkin' in yuh sleep."

"I'm sorry. I didn't—"

"Skip it. It's lucky it was me they put in here instead of somebody else, or yuh wouldn't have yer watch this mornin'."

Eddie instinctively felt for the watch.

"Don't worry. It's there all right. I didn't take it. Your old man's huh?"

Eddie nodded.

"What's it worth?"

Eddie didn't know.

"Well, I know," the man said. "And I know where I can get more fer it than yuh'd ever get yuhself."

They left the restaurant and stopped at a drug store where the man borrowed a nickel from the boy and made a 'phone call. The snow had stopped, but it was a miserable gray day. They walked half a dozen blocks. The man kept asking Eddie to slip him the watch. But Eddie, distrustful, refused, insisting on being present at the proposed transaction. The man tried to talk him out of it but without success. At last the man led the way into an alley, looking furtively over his shoulder to make sure they were not followed. Turning suddenly, he threatened the boy.

"If yuh know what's good fer yuh give me that watch!"

Before Eddie could answer he received a stunning blow on the jaw. Then a terrific uppercut knocked him senseless. The man picked the boy's pockets swiftly and disappeared.

When Eddie came to, a kindly-faced man was bending over him, the face reminded the boy of pictures he had seen in Sunday School, pictures of the strong young men of the Bible. . . .

"What happened, son?" The man's voice was the warmest sound Eddie had heard in days.

Tears welled up in the boy's eyes. "A man hit me and stole my watch," he said, brokenly.

"Was it your own watch, son?"

Hot tears rolled down Eddie's cheeks. He knew it was useless to lie. He told some of his story, rather incoherently. The man listened sympathetically.

"Well, son," he said, "it does look pretty bad. But I think maybe something can be done about it. Come on, now. Let's walk around a little and maybe, between us, we can think of something."

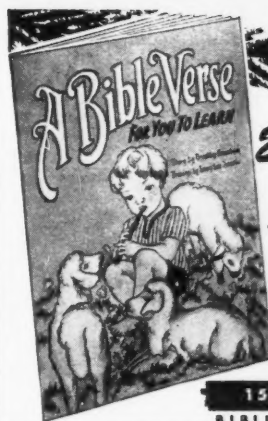
"Are you a preacher?" Eddie asked.

The man smiled. "No," he said. "I'm no preacher. I'm just sort of a collie dog, you might say. I sort of help keep some of the lambs from straying off too far."

Eddie didn't quite understand, so he changed the subject. But later Eddie learned what the stranger meant, and its significance became clear as daylight.

At nightfall they were on the Bowery. When they arrived in front of the chapel of the Bowery Mission, Eddie hesitated, but the man's smile was an irresistible appeal. They found a place together in one of the pews. The chapel was crowded with men of all ages and

(Continued on page 59)



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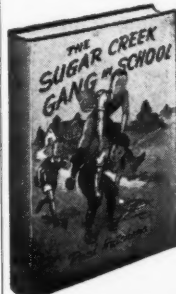
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(Continued from page 41)

are developed the deeper faith, the stronger soul, the more fruitful life.

*Holy Father, who hast unveiled Thy glorious love in Christ Jesus, help us to count on Thee today. Amen.*

**TUESDAY, JANUARY 19**

"FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE. . . ?"

READ MATTHEW 6:5-15

THE executive of a large organization was asked to permit a large number of obsolete records to be destroyed. The reason was lack of storage space. He thought over the proposal, then replied, "I suppose that will be all right, but see that duplicate copies are made first, in case we may want to refer to them sometime." That is much the way we forgive people who have wronged us. We forgive, but cannot forget? That is not God's way.

*Purge our hearts of old grievances and all sense of injuries. Thus shall life be more as that of our Saviour. Amen.*

**WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20**

"SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY."

READ MATTHEW 6:28-34

THEY say that the Great Pyramid, in Egypt, is 450 feet high, each side is 700 feet long, and its weight is nearly five million tons. To build it with nothing more effective than human hands seems impossible. Yet myriads of slaves worked at it, year after year, but only for a day at a time. So though our efforts may seem useless and our strength puny, we can do our part in building up life, and in building Christ's kingdom. Be faithful—just for today.

*O God, who hast given us all time and strength, help us to use them loyally in Thy service from day to day. Amen.*

**THURSDAY, JANUARY 21**

"IF I SAY, I WILL SPEAK THUS. . ."

READ PSALM 73:13-28

A MODERN philosopher says, "The reason so many people rest their chins on their hands when they are thinking is that it keeps their mouths shut, so that they won't disturb themselves." But there is another reason why we should sometimes keep silent. When rumors might be spread, when we feel disgruntled, when we are peevish, and irritable, we ought to restrain ourselves.

*"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer." Amen.*

**FRIDAY, JANUARY 22**

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-10

OLD EBENEZER and his wife Martha kept a little notions store in town.

But Martha had been in hospital, and the old man was working alone. One evening, his wife asked him how the business was going on. Bravely he lifted his head. "Fine," he said, "only it's never been just the same place since you left, Marthy." Her face flushed with pleasure. Here was her man, in spite of the times, carrying on. And still able to speak a kindly word.

*O Christ, who in the carpenter's shop didst know the burden and discouragements of life, help us also to be sympathetic to others. Amen.*

**SATURDAY, JANUARY 23**

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE."

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:4-13

MARTHA, yesterday's heroine, went downtown, but as she turned into the street, she saw the store had been turned into a fruit shop. And on the sidewalk, stood Ebenezer. He had a tray suspended before him, and he was trying to sell cotton, pins, buttons, etc, to the passers-by. Then she knew. The store had gone to pay her hospital bills. But she must not let him know that she had discovered his secret.

*Dear Lord, we are so prone to grow self-centered and thoughtless. Keep the lamp of love burning in our souls. Through Thy grace, Amen.*

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 24**

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

READ JOHN 8:25-32

IT IS reported that Professor William Lyon Phelps once said that, much as he valued education in its higher branches, it had its limits. He remarked that if he had to choose for a young man between a college education without any knowledge of the Bible, and a knowledge of the Bible without a college education, he believed the latter would stand him in better stead. From one of such authority those words carry weight.

*For Thy Word, the entrance of which giveth light, we bless Thee. Help us to treasure it and live by its guidance.*

**MONDAY, JANUARY 25**

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-10

FOR forceful philosophy this ranks high: "Today you're bright and happy in the world's sunshine and glow; and tomorrow you're a-freezing and a-trudging through the snow. The time you think you've got the world the tightest in your grip, is when you'll find out, all too soon, you're likeliest to slip. So it does a lot of good sometimes to go a little slow, and help the soul in trouble to forget he stubbed his toe."

*Through Thy mercy, O God, help us to help others. We have not all we could desire, but we have much. Prompt us to share our blessings. Amen.*

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descriptions. The evening service was about to begin.

The organ sounded softly, increasing in volume until it filled the chapel with a great triumphant choral, the music flooding the hall with glowing, golden sound, as warming to the heart as sunlight is to the body. Under the influence of the music the boy's tension gradually lessened. He relaxed and grew quiet and thoughtful. He didn't know that a master organist was playing an instrument that had once been in Princeton University.

The pastor rose and spoke to the men and Eddie listened attentively until something was said that reminded him of his mother, and instantly he became utterly miserable and homesick.

During the prayer that followed the boy lost all control of himself, and sobbed violently. His grief was so uncommon, so appalling in its way, that the companion at his side led him out of the chapel, upstairs to another room. A few minutes later the pastor joined them.

Gradually the boy had got control of himself; he sipped some hot coffee and under the pastor's prodding, he began to tell his story. Looking into the clergyman's kindly eyes Eddie felt somehow that his troubles were over.

And he was right. The Mission took care of him and the pastor got in touch with his parents. Eddie was saved in a far deeper sense than he realized. If the friend he had met on the street—a voluntary Mission worker—had not found Eddie when he did, the boy would certainly have drifted into a life of crime through sheer desperation. But, by the grace of God, the boy was found by "the old collie dog," and restored to the flock.

(Continued from page 35)

interest in a religion that works must be personal as well as historical. For the only people who are allowed to sleep in the famous rooms at the Wayside Inn where Longfellow, Washington, and Lafayette slept, are Universalist ministers!

The Inn which Longfellow loved and of which he sang in the Tales of a Wayside Inn is just down the hill from Martha-Mary chapel. It is still run as an inn but the rest of the overnight guests are relegated either to the annex or to what it is probably irreverent to refer to as the attic of the main house but which is certainly the top floor.

Did you remember that the Innkeeper's story that autumn night was the famous, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

I confess I had forgotten, but as I stood there that March morning and looked around the parlor, I could see how easy it would be for the ministers, already fond of this rare old place, to reconstruct what Longfellow and his friends might have said "off the record." For here was the same coat of arms of the Howes, upon which the poet told of the firelight flickering; the same "Fair Princess Mary's lovely face" upon the wall; the same spinet that belonged to the landlord's sister, Jerusha, upon whose ivory keys the firelight "played inaudible melodies."

JANUARY 1943

"WHEN I MEDITATE  
ON THEE IN THE  
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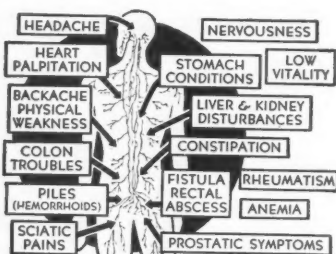
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This particular Bible looked so old and fragile I hardly dared breathe upon it as it lay open in Miss Fisher's hands. It was published by Mathew Orey in Philadelphia at a date I could not read, but the earliest recorded birth in it was 1741 when Abriel Balcom saw the light of day. Sandwiched in there between the Bible proper and the Apocrypha were other names that read like measured music . . . Ezekiel, Jerusha, Bathsheba, Jonathan. . .

"If only you could talk!" I whispered silently to the ancient Book. But only a pressed, pink, withered rose rustled faintly as the yellowed leaves were turned. Did Jerusha wear it once in her dark hair for the lover who went away and never came back? Goodness, was that a soft footstep behind me?

I whirled. But it was only one of the boys who had been up at Martha-Mary bringing in an armful of wood, for the fireplace. The boys from the Wayside Inn Boys' School all work on the estate. They study books one week and are assigned to a gang of electricians, plumbers, masons, or other workmen upon the estate the next. Thus they learn not just one trade, but they sample many during the four years they are at the academy. These are the boys who helped build the chapel, not figuratively laying on a trowel full of earth but actually working with the other workmen. Just now they are helping rebuild and wire the new annex of the Inn.

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To be an American. . .

As I drove back home by Martha-Mary Chapel with its delicate spire pointing against the blue sky, no less eloquent because it was now silent, I thought how soon those tall boys who had sung beside me that morning would all be going out to fight for what is American. Surely they would carry something with them from these quiet pews—a core of strength, passed on from old America to her sons who too have loved a little white church upon a fair New England hill.

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JANUARY 1943

(Continued from page 44)

poured himself out in the sacrifice of Jesus, because he "so loved the world" that it might "have eternal life."

JAN. 17 JESUS WINNING SOULS  
JOHN 4: 1-42

JESUS' WINNING THE SOUL of the Samaritan woman has had reams written about it. It is always pointed out how he humbled himself, asking the favor of a drink of water; how courteous he was, treating this disreputable character with true gentility; how patient he was, correcting kindly her obtuse misunderstanding; how single-purposed he was, keeping the woman to the central point when she began wandering off into futile controversy; how stern he was, putting his finger hard upon the raw sore of immoral life; and how deep he was, unfolding to her sin-blighted mind the most profound truths. As a result she surrendered to him, forgot her physical needs, and became a spontaneous evangelist!

It looks so simple, surely anyone ought easily to do as well. So the point to the lesson is, "Go, and do thou likewise, and thou shalt have like success." But then, when we do, if we do, mostly nothing happens.

To which two observations need to be made. First, Jesus did not often win so easily. His disciples were no docile band, but repeatedly and obstinately opposed him, and Judas finally deserted him. The Rich Young Ruler refused his offer and "went away." In the pinch, the multitudes "went back and walked no more with him." None of the religious leaders surrendered to him completely. Nicodemus never became a full disciple, and Joseph of Arimathea was a disciple, "but secretly." Of Galilee's teeming millions, Jesus won but a few hundred. If a religious worker's success is to be measured by the total of his converts, Jesus was largely a failure.

The second observation is the obvious conclusion that this is the hardest of all labors. One seriously ill, or conscience-stricken, or much impoverished, or dully sorrowing, may in their disastrous need heed some call to Christ. But the rest, comfortable in their indifference, are mostly impervious to all ordinary appeals. Yet this is the most important work on earth. What is the basis of its success?

THE WITNESSING of the Samaritan woman began as she "left her waterpot," and going into the city cried, "Come, see a man, who told me all things, that ever I did." And from that city many of the Samaritans believed on him because of the word of the woman." Had Jesus himself preached in their city, racial prejudice would have made them sneer, "What does this accursed Jew want? Get yourself out of here!" Instead, they gave him a hearing, and "believed on him" because of the radiant witnessing of the woman.

TODAY we live in a time when witnessing is almost dead. In most places evangelistic meetings are of small effect, and house-to-house visitations campaigns, like the older protracted meetings, see their results in the ensuing weeks melt as the snows. From the days of the Parable of the Sower, inevitably it has been so.

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## JAN. 24 JESUS THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

JOHN 5.

"THE HOPELESS CASE" was like enough the nickname of this cripple, who had lain thirty-eight years by Bethesda's pool. Thirty-eight years is a pitifully long time. Neighbors up to fifty years of age could barely remember in their childhood days when he had first lain there. In answer to queries, even the elderly must have replied, "That man? Why, he's always been there. He's hopeless."

The result was inevitable. None, least of all the man himself, expected a cure. "I have no man . . . to put me into the pool." Not that his friends had coldly deserted him. But no one hangs about thirty-eight years with a hopeless case. So there the man sat, and begged. No helpers, no physical powers; others might be cured, but not he. After thirty-eight years, he knew his case was hopeless.

All this is natural, and to be expected. Hope rarely persists thirty-eight years. It so happens that it is just now twenty-eight years since World War I began. Not many under forty have any realization of a "normal" world. The majority the world over have never known one. A college economics professor recently let himself in for a well-deserved jeering. To them there never were any "normal" times. Economically, the world's case was hopeless. So in Jerusalem, to all but a few the man had always been sitting by the pool, a hopeless case.

THE DARING of this cure goes beyond the risks Jesus ran in countering certain stiff Sabbath prejudices. Censure and stern opposition were real enough, and did their ugly work. But far more difficult was the overcoming of the lame man's own inertia. He had long since ceased to believe any cure possible. He had to be shocked into self-realization with the sharp demand, "Do you want to be cured?" He did, he didn't, he had forgotten all about it! To his, and everyone's surprise, Jesus cured him. With Jesus there are no hopeless cases.

RAISING THE SPIRITUALLY DEAD is the central point of this chapter. For the lame man is a symbol of a malady worse than crippled feet. He represents spiritual impotency—an impotency that has resulted in moral death. Nothing can be done for the dead. Except the spiritually dead. They can be restored. "For as the Father raiseth the dead and giveth them life, even so the Son also giveth life to whom he will," Jesus has power to restore the spiritually dead. "You just can't do anything for him. He's dead in trespasses and sins. No one has ever been able to do a thing for him. There's no hope whatever." But there is with Jesus He is a specialist in hopeless cases. This is the main business of Jesus. This is the work of Christ. "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." This work is restoring spiritual life to the spiritually dead. "He that heareth my word, and believeth . . . hath passed out of death into life."

FOR TODAY, there are two main questions. Do you believe there are no actually hopeless cases? Do you believe that by God's grace these spiritually dead can be brought to life? Are you one of those who say, "He is hopeless. No one can do

anything for him?" Have you forgotten that there are no hopeless cases with God, and that Jesus is a hopeless-case specialist? And the other question concerns yourself. Your own limping, do you believe that is hopeless, too? "Do you want to be made whole?"

## JAN. 31 JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE

JOHN 6.

HUNGER was the perpetual condition of ancient Palestine. Galilee's millions rarely had enough to eat. One cooked meal, plus a cold lunch had to suffice. Meat, except at feasts was rare. The very emphasis this story puts upon the five thousand eating and being filled is noteworthy. To be filled was an uncommon experience. A rich man like Dives might fare sumptuously every day. But the ordinary person not only rarely fed sumptuously, he usually did not feed sufficiently. That there was an abundance of left-overs after the five thousand were fed is even more remarkable. Meals commonly ended with a bare table. Any story about a crowd which consumed all the food it could swallow, and then had large quantities left over, would attract rapt attention. Fully satisfied hunger was rare.

THIS NEED OF BREAD is evident now as never before. We Americans are beginning to realize the wonder of bread and to spare. In other parts of the world, like India, the average man is always hungry. A day's wages may be called "half a stomach"—half enough to satisfy hunger. But we Americans do not know hunger. We are irked at possible shortages of sugar, coffee, bananas, and meat. But a shortage of bread? Never! No sugar in our tea, perhaps; but one cup of coffee, maybe; beans or eggs instead of meat, likely. But no bread? Never! Yet these inconveniences, which are not sacrifices, help vivify this story.

THE MEANING OF BREAD as John uses it symbolically is food for the soul. It is nourishment for those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. It is well to remember that spiritual sustenance is little heeded until the gnawings of the stomach are stilled. It is well to recall that man is more than a stomach, and he "shall not live by bread alone." It is excellent to realize that he who has too full a stomach usually suffers from leanness of soul. Here is the offer of spiritual bread. Nothing fancy, nothing frosted, not cake, but bread, plain, wholesome, edible without surfeit day in and out. Such is the inexhaustible bread of the soul.

THE COST OF THIS BREAD is beyond calculation. For of all the various breads of the soul, the bread of broken personality is the most costly. Knowledge is bread of the soul, and so is beauty, melody and recreation. But the sustenance we receive from other people's love, courage, faith and help is the highest priced of all breads. It's price is life. And of all bread-giving personalities, Jesus' is the most costly. "I am the living bread which came down out of heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: yea and the bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world." Jesus is the bread of life.

(Continued from page 58)

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 26

"LET US NOT LOVE IN WORD . . . BUT  
IN DEED."

READ I JOHN 3:9-18

A HORSE was stalled on a muddy lane. The bystanders were giving the driver abundant advice how to get it started again. But it so happened that two sailors, home on leave, caught sight of the group. "Why," said one, "here's a craft run aground. Let's give it a hand."

O Lord, whose one desire was to do  
the Father's will, inspire us to do what  
we may to lighten the world's woes.

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27

"HE THAT OBSERVETH THE WIND."

READ ECCLESIASTES 11:1-8

Holy Saviour, who didst think more  
of Thy mission than Thy circumstances,  
help us to believe Thee enough to obey  
Thy promptings. Amen.

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 28

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER  
COMFORTETH."

READ ISAIAH 66:10-18

So touch our lives, so strengthen what  
is best in us, that we may make Thy  
love real to all. Amen.

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 29

"MY SOUL SHALL MAKE HER BOAST IN  
THE LORD."

READ PSALM 34:1-10

Loving Giver of life's blessings, while  
we recall readily those things we must  
do without, help us to cherish our un-  
failing blessings in Christ Jesus, Amen.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 30

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION."

READ PHILIPPIANS 2:5-13

Inspire our hearts, gracious Spirit,  
who dost work mightily in human souls.  
So shall we find a new means to make  
life tell for God. Amen.

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 31

"ALL THINGS ARE NAKED AND OPENED."

READ HEBREWS 4:8-15

REMBRANDT was one of the few  
portrait painters who dared to include  
the wrinkles and facial blemishes of  
those who sat for him. Consequently he  
lost many of his patrons, and incurred  
the wrath of still more.

"Purge me with hyssop and I shall be  
clean. Wash me and I shall be whiter  
than snow." For Jesus' sake, Amen.

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## The Country Preacher Says:



Here I am in Hartford waiting for the bus to Albany. I will be speaking around there till Thursday, November 19th, when I will land at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, to address the New York City Rotary.

I have found human nature about the same everywhere, and will talk to them as I would to the people down in the old church in Killingworth. I shall have to touch on Thanksgiving a bit. Those old New England ancestors were great on religion, on education, and on doing their work thoroughly and well.

What a beautiful structure I saw up in Georgia, Vermont, lately! This church is forty feet wide and eighty feet long. The ceiling beams reaching across the rafters are 14 x 18 pine, and the plate beams are 80 feet long and exactly the same size all the way. The beauty of the front of this church is beyond my ability to describe—four massive pillars, solid wood grooved up and down, go up to a great height. The town took over this structure as it was not needed for a church, and it now furnishes a Grange hall, a fine kitchen, a big town hall with stage, and a big, light, airy school room.

Now, I am writing this up in Mechanicsville, New York, about 20 miles from Albany. I spoke in the First Presbyterian church here last night, and I had a fine time whether anyone else did or not. You know about the fellow who, going to a strange town, asked a man where the Second Presbyterian church was? "Good heavens, I don't know. Why I don't even know where the first one is."

All readers will be interested to know that "Forty Years a Country Preacher" is now in the third printing—about 20,000 copies having been sold. So many have asked if I would write another book. I got quite a start on one, but don't seem to get time to carry it on. I wrote a chapter on "Trivialities in the Church" and another on "Off Days." You remember that off day I had in the bus!

Do you have any suppers but pay suppers in your church? We haven't had a pay supper of any kind for over thirty years and always paid all our missionary money and all bills and had money left over. I suggest the Ladies' Aid Society read aloud the 14th Chapter of St. Luke at every meeting for about two months! If you think you must have pay suppers, pay lunches, etc., how many tickets are given the minister to give out to new families, or poor children?

GEORGE B. GILBERT.

# After All!

## NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Logical

Teacher—Yes, children, an Indian wife is called a squaw. Now what do you suppose Indian babies are called?

Bright Pupil—I know—squawkers.  
—Exchange.

### Precedent

The first censorship regulations are mentioned in the Old Testament: "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon." So there!

—Lookout.

### Deadly

Professor—What is the most potent poison?

Student—An airplane. One drop and you're dead!

—Exchange.

### Long Distance

"Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."

"Really? He must be awfully tired!"  
—Watchword.

### Proof

Bobby (disputing with his small sister) —"Fleas are black, I tell you."

Small Mary—"Not neither, 'cause it says, 'Mary had a little lamb; its fleas was white as snow.'"

—Lookout.

### Enough

"I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Smith to dinner at seven, Jenny, but I think we'll give them a quarter of an hour's grace," said Mrs. Bigg.

"Well, ma'am," replied the maid, "I'm religious myself, but I think you are overdoing it."

—Christian Leader.

### Can You Blame Him?

Fond Mother: "Well, Johnny, what did the music teacher think of your rendering of the Morning, Noon, and Night Overture?"

Johnny: "After I'd played a few bars he told me to call it a day!"

—Exchange.

### The A-M-P Again

The absent-minded professor walked into the village barber shop, sat down in the chair, and requested a haircut.

"Certainly, sir," said the barber. "Would you mind taking off your hat?"

The professor hurriedly complied. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I didn't know there were ladies present."

—Selected.

### Isolated

There had been heavy rain and the

camp was flooded.

Corporal: "Blimey, it's like the Deluge."

Tommy: "The what?"

Corporal: "Haven't you read about the Deluge, and Noah and the Ark and Mount Ararat?"

Tommy: "No, we've been practically cut off here for three days and we haven't seen any papers."

—London Chronicle.

### Coached

A boy was a witness in court, and the lawyer in cross-examination said: "Did anyone tell you what to say in court?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Who was it?"

"My father, sir."

"And what did he tell you?"

"He said the lawyers would try to get me all tangled up, but if I stuck to the truth I would be all right."

—Exchange.

### Relief!

There had been a heavy air raid on London. Our prime minister, Mr. Churchill, was walking amongst the smoking ruins of some houses when an old woman came up and greeted him. He asked how she felt after this night of horror. She replied, "Well, there's one thing about these air raids, they do take your mind off the war."

—Oliver Lyttelton, quoted by Wall Street Journal.

### Return the Rest?

Navy Bill had broken with his girl. After ignoring several letters requesting the return of her photograph, one came threatening to complain to the captain. Deciding to squelch her for all time, he borrowed all the pictures of girls available on the ship, sending them to her in a large bundle with the following note: "Pick yours out; I've forgotten what you look like."

—Virginia Methodist Advocate.

### Welcome News

When driving through the countryside. Hitler's car ran over and killed a small dog. Halting the car der Fuehrer sent his chauffeur to the farmhouse to express regret. The driver came back a few minutes later with a big package under his arm.

"The farmer was not angry," he assured der Fuehrer.

"What did you say to him?" insisted Hitler.

"When I went to the door," the driver explained, "I saluted and said 'Heil Hitler—the dog is dead!' The farmer yelled 'Hooray' and gave me a big ham!"

—The American Legion Magazine.

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